

A HANDBOOK

TO THE

WATER COLOURS, DRAWINGS, AND ENGRAVINGS,

IN THE

Art Treasures Exhibition.

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THE WATER COLOURS.

As the earliest honours of modern painting were won by water colours, one is sometimes tempted to think that its latest glories bid fair to be achieved in the same fascinating material. Let no one suppose, while he elbows duchesses and dowagers, bishops and cabinet ministers, St. James-street club-men and sober citizens, bilious barristers, over-done politicians and out-at-elbows artisans, rosebuds of Belgravia with the nursery dew still on them, and hardened old harridans tough with the sun and storm of fifty seasons, in those pleasant rooms of the old and new water-colour societies in London, that the art which thus levels classes, callings, ranks, and ages, is of yesterday. It goes back further, even, than the monochromatic epoch of Paul Sandby—back to the time when Rembrandt drank Rhenish from long-stemmed glasses at the table of Burgomaster Six—back further to the simple days when all Florence burst into rejoicing round the Virgin Mother of Cimabue, so that the streets through which her picture was carried were called, ever after, “The Merry Quarter,”—back still further to the dark and stormy years when the wild long-beards from the north invaded the Basilicas of Milan, and quiet monks in their cells, absorbed in the delicate labours of the illuminator, scarce heard the din and clash of the barbarian arms.

Rembrandt's drawings, Cimabue's picture, the monk's illumination, were all in water colours. Down to the middle of the fifteenth century, the mixing of oil with colours for pictures was unknown in Italy. Oil had been first so employed at Bruges, between 1410 and 1432, and the practice was many years in spreading to southern Europe. Before the discovery of the Van Eycks, painters wrought exclusively in water colours, using various adhesive mediums to make these colours stick firmly to the wood or vellum, and covering them when dry with a warmly-coloured varnish, which, while it enriched the effect of the colours, preserved them, as by a glass, from the influences of the atmosphere. Pictures thus executed are with difficulty to be distinguished from oil paintings. Visitors to Manchester may see plenty of them in the gallery of old masters. All the pictures of the Italian schools before Fra Bartolommeo are executed in this way. So are those of the school of Cologne, of which there are here three excellent examples (379, 380, 382). From these pictures it will be seen how vivid and pure water colours, thus prepared and protected, will remain for 450 years. If we go to the illuminator's work in the exquisite missals of the twelfth century, we may add two or three hundred years more to this sum. And by the time we arrive at strictly Byzantine art, we shall find illuminations of which the colours are still as fresh as when they were mixed and applied, more than a thousand years ago. In our own time—in this its thousandth year, let us say (we give the venerable art the benefit of a few centuries)—we have seen water colour rise into a force and fertility of resource, which promise to make it the rival of oil in its age, as it was in its infancy.

It was well imagined of Mr. Holmes,—to whose indefatigable labours in the collection and arrangement of the Water-colour Gallery at Old Trafford, must be attributed the illness, neglect of which caused his lamented death, at the moment that thousands were enjoying the fruits of his sadly-closed exertion—to begin the series which fills the long gallery behind the orchestra, and overflows into smaller rooms beyond, with examples of the Flemish and Dutch masters—Jordaens, Rembrandt, Dusart, Moucheron, and Henstenburg. The drawings of Rembrandt—

though the one here is a mere pen-wash, tinted with bistre, of "A Girl Leaning over a Gate," (1 *a*)—are almost as wonderful as his pictures. There are portfolios of them in the British Museum, in which, by the magic of little more than monochromatic light and shade, the painter has contrived to convey every variety of colour and expression in the landscape of his native country.

The "Snake, Lizard, and Butterflies," (8) of Henstenburg (1667-1726) is a good example of the entomological school of painting, formed by John Kessel, of Antwerp, of whom the curious may find specimens—including a magnificent monogram in caterpillars—in the gallery of ancient masters (1061 and 1062). Besides a pretty little head by Watteau (9), whose most charming little sketches, however, are in chalks, and not in water colours, the Van Huysums (11 to 22) are worthy of notice. John Van Huysum was the most skilful of a whole family of Amsterdam flower painters, and was particularly famous for his taste in arranging his floral groups. These slight, and, at first glance, feeble drawings, if looked at attentively, and when the eye is undebauched by the brilliant hues of the neighbouring gallery, will be found full of harmony and true art, in their combination and balance both of forms and tones. We would especially direct attention to the "Vase with Tulips" (12), and the "Poppy Branch" (16). But while we admit the merits of the Dutch artist, we cannot for a moment compare his sketchy bouquets or the contents of his dessert plates with our own William Hunt's melting peaches, and plums, his hawthorn sprigs, and bunches of blossom. Hunt has carried this branch of art farther than it has ever been carried by any painter in oil or water-colour—without excepting Van Heem, Rachel Ruysch, Van Oss, or any of the many Dutchmen who blossomed so strong upon canvas during the reign of the first two Georges.

The next specimens in our gallery (23-31) are from the works of Paul Sandby (1725-1809). As the reformer of topographical art and the introducer of aquatint engraving, as well as one of the original members of the Royal Academy, Paul Sandby deserves a respectful mention, which these drawings of themselves would scarcely enforce from a critic familiar with De Wint, Prout, Copley,

Fielding, and Turner. In this collection we may read the facts of Sandby's life. His first experience of sketching from nature was acquired during the survey of the north and west Highlands, directed by the Duke of Cumberland, of which Sandby was draughtsman. This period may be said to be here illustrated by the Bothwell Castle (24), though this particular drawing was made nearly twenty years after the artist's Highland tour. On his return from Scotland, in 1752, Sandby lived for some time at Windsor. Here we have (23) "Windsor Castle, from the Eton Playing Fields," interesting as showing what the castle was before Wyattville laid hands on it. The artist was afterwards employed by Sir Watkin Williams Wynne to design views of the scenery of North and South Wales, a work here abundantly illustrated by the "Caernarvon Castle" (26), the "View of North Wales" (27), and the various "Welsh Views" (29, 30, 31, and 32). The "Hyde Park" (37), is curious for its costume and the arrangement of ground, so different from those of the present day. Sandby frequently drew the different encampments which took place in Hyde Park during the memorable year 1780, when the island was threatened with invasion by the combined fleets of France and Spain. Sandby's drawings have little merit as works of art but that of correctness in linear drawing, and a certain unpretending honesty, making the most of very limited means. We have elsewhere spoken of his patronising poor Dick Wilson, by buying his sketches at half-a-crown a-piece. Sandby was a kindly soul, a wag, and a small poet—a sort of Academy laureate, who wrote songs for the annual dinners. His drawings deserve notice chiefly as showing the ocean of flat washes out of which modern water-colour art has risen, as bright as Aphrodite, with all her environing splendour of sea-foam, sea-colour, and sea-shell.

Of that conceited mannerist, Cipriani (1728-1789), there are four drawings (38-41), full of the artificial and affected prettiness which made him the fashionable designer of his day. The Royal Academy (of which he was an original member) sends his design for the diploma, for which the members rewarded the artist with a silver cup.

Here is an interesting drawing by Sir Joshua—who was so

facile with the brush that he seldom touched the pencil—"The Triumph of Sculpture over Painting," a strange subject for the painter of the tragic muse, and the contemporary of Roubilliac.

We are glad to see five of Gainsborough's charming sketches here; sorry only that there are not five times five. The unsought grace of Gainsborough's pencil appears conspicuously in his sketches. Lovely attitudes, exquisite turns of head, agreeable lines of drapery, seem to have cost him nothing. How graceful here is "The Water Party" (45), and with what a true relish of rustic life he has touched in the "Children and Donkey" (47).

Ten drawings by Cozens, side by side, are a sight not often seen. Cozens was a grandson of Peter the Great. His father, Alexander, was the son of the young Drury Lane actress whom the Czar lived with while working at Deptford, and who is introduced into the left hand group in Maclise's picture of "Peter in the Dockyard," in this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy. The father of Cozens was an artist. Cozens travelled much in Italy, for an employer who took all he produced; and is said to have exhibited only once at the Royal Academy. This was in 1776, when he sent an oil picture of "Hannibal, from the Alps, showing Italy to his army,"—as Mr. Leslie informs us in his "Handbook for Young Painters,"—from which Turner used to say he learned more than from anything he had *then* seen. Considering that he was about one year old when the picture was exhibited, this "then" requires explanation. The best drawings of Cozens are remarkable for solemnity, serenity, and breadth. The examples here admirably illustrate the power of the painter over these sources of effect, especially the "Windsor Castle" (48), the "Temples in The Campagna" (49), and the "Pic du Midi." At the same time, there is no attempt in them to render the full flush of Italian colour. This was beyond the reach of "flat washes" and vegetable tints; and as yet the draughtman's practice in water colour was confined to the one, and his box to the other. The works of Cozens were passionately admired by Constable, who went so far as to declare, in an enthusiastic moment, that "he was the greatest genius that ever touched landscape." On this estimate, we would only remark that, be the genius of Cozens what it might, water-colour painting as then

practised did not afford the means of doing more than slightly indicating genius. Constable praises also the modest and unobtrusive beauties of Cozens's drawing, such as "Nature herself shows but coyly." Every visitor to our Exhibition should look closely into works praised in such terms by a painter like Constable. We will not, by any more particular comment of ours, rob them of the pleasure of finding out for themselves the many charms of these broad and solemn or serene drawings.

Cozens leads the way to Girtin (1715-1802), who was a close student of the earlier painter's works, and acquired from them, it is said, something of his own secret of broad and simple effect. Probably the preference of such effect was due to the style of treatment suggested by the nature of the water-colour materials then used, and the received method of employing them, rather than to any conscious imitation. Girtin was broad and simple, as Cozens had been, because both were men of a large and noble order of conception, working in a manner that required flat and rapid applications of colour, and so was peculiarly favourable to the re-production of some of the grandest and serenest moments of earth and sky—the flooding glory of sunset upon distant woods; the broad evening burst of sunlight on a lake girdled by mountains; the still and serene glow of twilight upon rock and river, meadow, or moorland; the lurid brooding of the thunder-cloud over summer cornfields, or its rending burst upon the sea; the mellowing magic of moonlight through the ivy-clad windows of a monastic ruin; the frowning of a feudal fortalice across the yellow sands, or from the rock that overlooks the river. Of such subjects here are 17 examples, most of them involving elaborate studies of architecture. The shattered keep of Helmsley rises from its embosoming trees above the rapid Rye (72); the pointed west front of Peterborough opens its recessed arches (73); Ely and Lichfield lift their fretted pinnacles into the air (76 and 77); and Exeter draws out the perspective of its stately aisles (74). Here is Byland (79)—(not Ryland, as in the catalogue), loveliest of all the lovely Cistercian abbeys that nestle in their wooded valleys on either side the range of Hambleton,—with its broken rose-window, which must have been one of the finest and largest in England, and its slender lancets, each perfect still, though no

roof has sheltered those walls since the days when Henry the Eighth's commissioners stripped off lead and timber and roof tree.

As Girtin was linked by kindred style and spirit with Cozens, so Turner, by admiration and common studies, is linked with Girtin. But before dealing with the king of all water-colour painters, let us despatch the inferior masters who are here represented, and who will be found little more than humble treaders in the steps of Sandby, Cozens, and Girtin, successively.

To this imitative class belong Rooker (1743-1801), Byrne, Wheatley (1747-1801),—a figure painter,—and William Hamilton (1757-1801). Of Rowlandson, the caricaturist,—the Cruickshank of his day,—here are three drawings, a "Quay at Amsterdam" (63), "English Tourists at Helvoetsluys" (64), and "Brook Green Fair" (65). Is it defect of humour in the designer, or the transitory nature of all fun that fastens on external fashions, which renders these works so devoid of all power of amusing now-a-days? Dayes is another imitator of Cozens, of whom here are five views; two of Durham. Thomas Hearne (1744-1817) was a man of more merit, who wholesomely influenced the art of his time by his "Antiquities of Great Britain," brought out in 1778, in combination with Byrne. All the examples of his works here are studies of the feudal and cathedral architecture, which he delighted in, and are remarkable for their excellence of arrangement.

Thomas Heaphy (1811) was, in his time, the popular painter of scenes from low life, till, disgusted with fish markets and pothouses, he turned to the court end of the town, and took to painting princes, princesses, and field-officers. Heaphy was a clever quarrelsome man, full of schemes in and out of his art, and always in hot water. His works, as may be seen from the six specimens in our gallery (88-92*a*), are marked by good qualities of colour and close study of nature. All here are in his best, or St. Giles's, humour. The "Quarrelling at Cards," bating a certain reach after academic character out of keeping with the class of the figures, is a very fine and manly piece of work. Heaphy was one of the earliest members of the old water-colour society.

Julius Cæsar Ibbetson (105) was an honest Yorkshireman, who

drew rustic groups, and landscapes; and whose head was rather turned by West christening him the "English Berghem," a name which he merited as Klopstock did that of the "German Milton." John Augustus Atkinson (106-108) is another inoffensive workman of about the same calibre—an average man, unable to help the art a step beyond the point at which he found it.

With Thomas Bewick (1753-1828) we come upon real originality and love of nature, with the power of expressing itself, here shown in five small works (114-118), "The Woodpecker," "Sea-shore Rock," "Bamborough Castle," "Stone Quarry," and "Fowling in the Shetlands." It is from his woodcuts, however, that we learn Bewick's power as a designer, no less than as a manipulator of his tools, and a skilful translator from paper to pear-tree block. He always designed his own cuts; and what capital designs they are—how full of the sentiment of north country nature! Excellent as his cuts of British Birds are, his vignettes are his master-pieces. In these he gives the rein to his fertile fancy, and indulges his humour, dashed with a touch of the grim and sardonic. There is even a profound sense of nature in these tiny designs, which stamps them deep on the memory. It is now full a score of years since we looked over a copy of Bewick's British Birds; but we have still the most vivid recollection of every vignette in the book. And so, we will be bound to say, has every man who ever had access to those pleasant volumes in his boyish days.

Of Bonington, six of whose studies of Italian and Flemish sea or river subjects, with shipping, are here shown (132-137); of H. Liverseege, whose skill in water colour is here proved by drawings of an "Old Falconer" and "Don Quixote" (139, 140); of Stothard, no fewer than 17 of whose graceful, though mannered designs are here hung, among them several of children, in whose grace and innocence the sweet and serene nature of the painter took peculiar pleasure; and of Constable, Wilkie, Callcot, and Collins, severally illustrated here by sketches, or elaborate drawings, we have already spoken at length in our comments on the pictures of our modern English school. The drawings of Wilkie (185-192) are particularly interesting as showing first thoughts, afterwards worked out in his pictures (as 188, 189,

192). Those of Callcot are much more elaborate ; Sir Augustus used the pencil with almost as much facility as the brush.

Clennell and George Chambers were also oil painters, whose drawings here (175, 177, and 181-184), meritorious in themselves, afford opportunity for a short record of two men, both memorable as instances of a rise, by simple strength of devotion to nature, from the humblest fortune to considerable repute as painters. Clennell was born in 1781, the son of a small Northumbrian farmer, who, on his son's early manifestation of a strong love of art, wisely bound the boy apprentice to Bewick. As a designer, Clennell soon attracted attention by his scenes from rustic life. His "Baggage Waggon, with Horses Frightened by Lightning," in the collection of Lord Durham, one of his early patrons, is a work showing much of the force and spirit of Gainsborough. His picture of the "Last Charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo" is quite original, in the way it renders the weight of that whirlwind of horse and man, which bore down the Cuirassiers of the Old Guard, cracking them, as a guardsman described it, "like lobsters in their shells." This picture had a great success, and Clennell was selected in consequence to paint the entertainment given by the city of London to the generals who had taken part in the battle. His health and brain gave way under the work, and he passed the rest of his days, till his death in 1840 in the lunatic asylum at Gateshead. We remember to have seen verses of his, written in that dreary confinement, in which the heated brain had sought refreshment in the coolest and sweetest fancies, as of Arab girls coming to draw water for their camels at springs in over-arching palm-groves, and like imaginations of shade and silence and still green peace. Chambers, like Stanfield and Roberts, followed the sea originally, as cabin boy in a Whitby coaster. His first essay in colour, we remember hearing him say, was painting the ship's bucket, which he did to the admiration of the captain, in elaborate imitation of different woods. His master had brains and heart to see the lad's bent, and to make room for it to work, by cancelling his indentures. He took some lessons from Bird, a Whitby drawing master, and worked his way up to London as a foremast man aboard a collier, to commence life as a painter. His first work was on the Panorama of London, now in

the Colosseum. He got this employment on the strength of a view of house roofs and chimney pots, painted out of his grimy back window in Wapping. He was afterwards scene painter at the Pavilion Theatre, where Lord Mark Kerr, seeing some of his scenery painted for a thrilling nautical melodrama, noticed him, and introduced him to William IV., who knew a ship and loved doubly the sailor who could paint one. As marine painter to the King, Chambers painted three sea fights, now in the hall of Greenwich Hospital, and many other marine pictures of great truth to nature, of which the true merit was not appreciated till his death in 1840. There is a capital example of him in the clock gallery, the "Ferry Boat" (607).

William Blake (1757-1828) the author of the "Oberon and Titania" (130) and "the Vision of Queen Catherine" (130*a*), and R. Dadd, the painter of the "Vale of Rocks" (281), the "Dead Camel" (282), and the "Artists' Halt in the Desert" (283), may be classed together as examples of painters in whom a disordered brain rather aided than impeded the workings of a fertile and original fancy. Do not be deterred by the strangeness of Blake's work, or the sadness of Dadd's, from looking closely into both. Both were mad, but the insanity of Blake was of the kind separated by a thin partition from great wit. It was rather from preponderance of the imaginative faculty that he must be classed among lunatics, than from any ruin of mind such as hurried poor Dadd into parricide. Blake's fancies were lovely, rather than terrible. He was poet and musician as well as painter. If his music was like his verse it must have been among the sweetest ever written. Take an example of the latter, written sometime between twelve and twenty, an address to the Muses:—

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
 Or in the chambers of the east,
 The chambers of the sun, that now
 From ancient melody have ceased.

Whether in Heaven ye wander fair,
 Or the green corners of the earth,
 Or the blue regions of the air,
 Where the melodious winds have birth.

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
 Beneath the bosom of the sea,
 Wandering in many a coral grove,
 Fair Nine ! forsaking poesie.

How have ye left the ancient love,
 That bards of old enjoyed in you—
 The languid strings now scarcely move,
 The sound is forced—the notes are few.

This is surely no common strain to get out of boyish brains, on a hackneyed theme. Blake was apprenticed to an engraver, and lived by his work ; retiring from all, at times, to put his fancies into verse and form. At twenty-six he married the wife who sat, still beloved, by his death-bed, when at seventy-one he passed away, calmly and rejoicingly, only grieving to leave his Katherine behind. Blake had visions. The great dead came to him—Milton and Shakspeare, Bruce and Wallace, and a greater than all these. All his works were records of these visions ; whether they be the pictures and songs of innocence and experience, the illustrations of Job, or of the grave and Dante, his twelve inventions of man and death, his wild allegories of Urizen, and his prophecies of England and America. His death, as recorded by Cunningham, is one of the loveliest upon record. “He lay chanting songs, and the verses and music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit these inspirations, as he called them, to paper. ‘Kate,’ he said, ‘I am a changing man. I always rose, and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose too, and sat beside me—this can be no longer.’ And, in this mood, swan-like, he passed away, his wife’s hand in his.” One is almost tempted to envy such unreason, which seems to make a man unfit for earth only by lifting him nearer Heaven.

Very different were the quaint, freakish, elfish, visitings that betokened the madness of poor Dadd. His visitants were not great men, not sages, heroes, or martyrs ; but goggle-eyed gnomes, and malicious fays and tormenting Pucks, and pot-bellied, spindle-shanked brownies. We may see portraits of them, from the brain-life, in his pictures (335 and 447). There is no doubt that these spectral illusions were upon him all the time of his Eastern

journey with Sir Thomas Phillips; that he was only awaiting the message to rise and slay his companion which afterwards came to him, while travelling with his father from Rochester to London. The "Dead Camel" (282), appears to us full of gloomy madness; "The Halt" (283), has all the solemnity which the blue sky, and broad pale moon, and twinkling white stars are calculated to impress on an excited brain, calming its horror and lulling its rage to sleep.

With the mere mention of Flaxman, whose interesting designs for chessmen (149a) are contributed to our Exhibition by Mr. Wedgwood, by whose firm they were executed in pottery, we pass to the works of the man who changed, in the course of his more than sixty years of working life, the whole character of English water-colour art—we allude, of course, to Turner, who shines in this department of the Exhibition with even more conspicuous lustre than in the gallery of English oil pictures.

The periods and styles into which we have divided Turner's practice in oil, are equally applicable to his work in water colours. Here we may trace the course of that fertilising river, from its fountain, in his first exhibited drawing (296) to its majestic passage into that eternal sea in the last work that employed his dying hand (380). The first represents the ruins of Tynemouth Priory, that storm-beat relic whose red towers look out over the stormy German Ocean; the last represents an Alpine pass, in which the dying fancy seems to have struggled to crowd all the experience of a long life's reverent study of the mountains, with such a result as we might anticipate—to the many confusion as of chaos, to the few a crowding together of suggestions beyond the achievements of ordinary men. The many will do well not to scoff at the few for the many things their eyes or brains discover in Turner, which are invisible to common senses or intelligences. Nor should the few be impatient with the many, when they persist in saying that they cannot see in Turner all the few would have them find there. It is always difficult to apportion what a man gets from a picture, and what he brings to it. In the case of every painter who appeals to the imagination, as Turner does, this task becomes almost impossible. We cannot insist on an appreciation, which cannot honestly be given.

All the worshippers of Turner have a right to claim is, a reverent refusal of recognition from those who cannot recognise the truth in their favourite master. They may always find a consolation in referring those who deny the truth to nature of "The Wreckers" (330), the "Bamborough Castle" (331), or the "Kussnucht" (379), to the soberer works of the beginning of the century, the "St. Donat's Castle" (306), the "Bridge of Abergavenny" (301), or the "Edinburgh" (323). In this series of six drawings the whole progress of Turner's art is exhibited—its beginnings, as Ruskin describes them,* "in greyish blue, with brown foregrounds"—such as all here, from 296 to 304. Then comes the gradual and cautious mingling of these blues, first with delicate green, and then with gold; and then the breaking of local tints into the foreground browns, and the gradual increase of refinement and expressiveness in the touch, till it rises to a delicacy of execution too subtle for the eye to follow. Of this period, which was begun and carried to perfection about 1800, and remained unchanged for 20 years, there are innumerable examples, including, in fact, the bulk of the drawings between 308 and 357. The "Santa Saba" (338), "Florence" (359), and other subjects from Italy and Switzerland, are records, probably, of his travels in and after 1820; the period in which Mr. Ruskin supposed that his conception and execution took a new development, under the impression of continental skies. We know of no series of any one man's works that elevate, calm, and impress the mind as these drawings of Turner's do. In the simplest of them there is the sentiment of the infinity of nature. This, we should say, is the point in which they stand especially distinguished from the works of other men. Turner's distances seem always to stretch away, away; and his skies are canopies, not of the little space the eye embraces, but of the whole round world. We find our catalogue scored with reference to special and characteristic beauties in almost all these drawings. How Turner knew and loved England! Every man may find his own county glorified in this collection by some drawing that is, even to him, a revelation of unsuspected beauty.

* Pre-Raphaelitism, p. 39.

The Yorkshireman never thought Leeds would be so lifted out of her smoke cloud, and made so brave as she shows here (312)—and even the sweet seclusion and holy peace of Rivaulx are enhanced in Turner's delicious treatment of the grey ruin in its vest of summer green (353). If Lancaster must rest content with "Browsholme Hall" (301), and "Lancaster Castle and Town" (336), the stern heart of Northumberland may kindle to the stormy grandeur of the sea that bursts on the castle-covered cliff of Bamborough (331), or the wild shores of Holy Island (338). It is strange enough, however, that the lakes of our island have furnished but one subject to the painter—"Llanberis" (334). Devonshire has been favourite sketching ground. He loved its shores and its shipping, as we may see from the subjects and figures in his repeated drawings of "Plymouth," with the rainbow he so often introduced into that scene, and always with such marvellous aerial effect (329 and 324), the "Dartmouth" (326), "Saltash" (339), and "Okehampton" (351). Cornwall claims as its own, the "Mew Stone" (325), "Launceston" (340), "Carew Castle" (339), and "Pendennis Castle" (349). Dorsetshire contributes "Poole;" Sussex, to the cliffs of Hastings, and the swelling downs and flat pastures of "Arundel" (355); and the flat midland counties furnish the stately pile that rises over the level of Ely isle (346); and Leicestershire puts in a claim to unsuspected picturesqueness in "Tamworth Castle" (345); and the stately towers of Durham rise on the banks of the Wear, red in the evening sun (335); and Bucks contributes "Eton" (315), and the Isle of Wight is fairly represented by "Cowes" (342). Here, too, are some of the beautiful series of later drawings—the rivers of France, and Vignettes to Milton's Works (377), and the Title-pages to Scott's Poems (364, 367, 368); and a drawing of inexpressible repose and loveliness, "On the Rhine" (347); and the terror of Alpine glacier (311), and the grandeur of Alpine lake under the moon (378)—all simplicity from "A Clump of Beech Trees" (302), and a "Yard with Pigs and Poultry" (313)—all sublimity from the skeleton of the ruined temple, white under the moon that overlooks the black and stormy sea from the headland of Colonna (316),—to the wild blending of mountain and mea-

dow, cloud, and stream, and glacier, on which his hand was last employed. We know of no such range of experience, such varied mastery of natural effects, such all-pervading love of natural beauties, such utter forgetfulness in the contemplation of the thing to be represented of the self of the artist, as is recorded in the drawings of which the magnificent specimens here shown are no unworthy sample.

It seems almost like bathos, and anti-climax, to pass from Turner to any other man, though it be a Dewint, a Prout, or a Copley Fielding. Of all these masters, who have but lately ceased to work among us, the room which contains the Turners exhibits fine examples. Of Dewint, for example, here are fifteen important drawings (261 to 275), exhibiting the characteristic and peculiarly English qualities of the painter—his soft, grey, cloudy skies; his deep woods pierced by the village spire, or the cathedral towers; his cool green fields, his rich meadows and yellow cornfields, his purple fallows, and his brimming rivers flowing through lowlands prodigal with grain. The “Brampton Water Mill” is a fine sample of the bolder manner and wilder subjects with which Westmoreland sometimes inspired the painter, who, however, seems to us always more at home in a flat country, among the rich Lincolnshire levels, for example (267-275), or among the gently swelling bosoms of the green hills of South Wales (269). As Dewint’s love for nature took the direction of pastoral and cultivated midland England, Copley Fielding was drawn to the open and unfenced beauty of her southern downs, the wildness of her girding sea-shores, or the solemn grandeur of her northern lakes and mountains. He may be studied here in all these, his favourite forms—on the steaming and sun-steeped downs at Worthing (390), under the solemn shadow of Ben Cruachan (391), on the placid bosom of Loch Etive (393); or we may watch, by his side, the red sunset tinging, as with the blood of victims, the stones of the weird rock temple of Stonehenge (394); or struggle through the storm over the trackless heath (395); or steep ourselves in the summer-evening sun on the beach at Hastings (400); or hear the song that the sea waves sing on the great basalt organ pipes of Staffa (403); and close our pilgrimage, peacefully and placidly,

on the sweet shores of Keswick (407). Copley Fielding had a genuine and noble love of nature in some of her grandest combinations of beauty and power. He always sought, by choice, the scenes in which loveliness predominated over terror.

The three drawings by John Cotman, a conscientious Norwich artist, and illustrator of topographical works, are all sea subjects—two of them drawn from the Yarmouth roads. The third, “The Phantom Ship” (180), displays a reach of imagination for which few of those who know this artist, in his usual walk of homely nature, will be prepared. There is something very grand in the white and ghostly vessel, with her accursed canvas set alow and aloft, flying along under the blue, aurora-lit sky.

George Frederick Robson (1790-1833), was a true delineator of nature, especially in her moods of serene repose, here represented by four drawings (141-144), of which the “Nantfrangon” is the grandest, and the “Durham” (144) the most beautiful. His views of this, his birthplace—one of the most picturesque in its combination of buildings, and one of the most superb, in point of site, of all the cities of Great Britain—were always drawn *con amore*. It was here, on the wooded banks of the Wear, frowned over by the massive walls of the old castle and the stately towers of the Norman minster, that the boy learnt the rudiments of his art, from watching the painters who sought the place for its beauty. He never had any other teaching. Thus inoculated with the love rather than the knowledge of art, he left his father’s house at sixteen, with five pounds in his pocket, for London, and thenceforward supported himself by his pencil. He roamed on foot, year after year, knapsack and sketching materials on his shoulders, through the whole of Scotland, the English lake country, Wales, and Ireland, and never looked for subjects beyond the confines of Great Britain. He had an intense feeling of the calm, and vast, and lovely in nature, and has transfused this feeling into all his drawings. He died at forty-three, and his works have since been valued as they deserve.

The architectural drawings of Charles Wilde (145-149) are among the most masterly Gothic exteriors and interiors that have ever been produced in water colours. Barrett and Varley—the first represented here by nine drawings, the second by eleven—

are almost singular examples in our school of masters aiming in water colours at classical compositions in the genre of the two Poussins. There is a fine feeling, especially for grave evening effects, in the drawings of the former. The latter has two distinct manners—the earlier reminding of the broad and simple style of Girtin and Turner in his earlier years; the second purely artificial, and depending on a trick of purple colour, on rough paper, with the profuse employment of gum as a vehicle. Novelty and singularity secured a sale for the works thus executed, which drawings in the earlier and simpler manner would probably never have commanded. We much prefer Varley's drawings in his earlier manner.

Robert Hills (1765-1844) was a delineator of cattle and farm-yard scenes, somewhat in the style of Ibbetson. Here are eight of his drawings (222-229), one of which "The Stag in the Pass of Glencoe," is a more ambitious flight than he generally attempted. Cristall and Westhall should be classed together, as draughtsmen once enjoying considerable vogue for figure compositions of an elaborately artificial character, in which every face was tamed to the strictest rules of regularity, and nature was ruthlessly sacrificed to conventional and academic grace. Visitors to the gallery must determine the merit of such work from the three examples of the second artist (171-173), and the five of the first (248-252). We must confess that such grace of form and regularity of feature are, to our thinking, poor substitutes for the force and variety of natural physiognomy and truthful action.

Samuel Prout, who died at an advanced age in 1852, was a man of very different stamp. A profound student of the principles of his art, and a masterly delineator of architectural details, especially in the crumbling buildings of France, Flanders, and Italy, Prout devoted his pencil to accurate reproduction of whatever was most picturesque in Norman streets, Belgian town-halls, and Italian quays and bridges, arches and *loggie*. In the 12 drawings of his here exhibited (284-294) we may track his somewhat mannered hand, and his masterly distribution of light and shade and opposition of colour, through Strasbourg and Venice, Dresden and Verona. In the two large drawings of "Indiamen Ashore" (287, 290) he displays a power of ennobling English subjects by his

broad, manly, and intelligent treatment, which inspires some regret that he did not seek more of his materials at home. As an artistic architectural draughtsman he remains altogether unequalled.

Of the startling creations of John Martin, in water colour, of which five hang here (416-420), we need not repeat what we have already said in our remarks on this modern British painter.

William Müller is the only one of our deceased masters of water colours whom it remains to notice. Eleven of his twelve drawings here (231-242) are records of his Eastern travel, to which we have referred in our remarks on the modern British school. We are prepared to say of Müller in water, as we said of Müller in oil, that in these works there is a promise of excellence, and even a developed power of a peculiar kind which we cannot parallel in any of his contemporaries. Nothing can be freer or more rapid than most of these drawings; but they say more in their dash and slightness than most finished pictures. How full of stormy power are "Burnt Pines on the Road to Pinaka" (241); how large and grand the three views of "Xanthus;" how solemn and sweet the "Philæ" (240), and the "Parthenon" (235)!

And now, having done our duty, cursorily, as our space compels us, to the dead, let us pass from this side room, where hang the works of the fathers of English water colour, to the long gallery which glows with the bright hues and teeming picturesqueness of their descendants—our contemporary draughtsmen. Here are hung the fruits of that branch of British art which most astonishes and humiliates foreigners. They have never conceived, till they visit England that water colours could be made to yield this depth, richness, and force. They do not see how much this branch of art gains in its almost exclusive devotion to nature, whether its dealing be with earth, sea, and sky, or with humanity. We may lament the lack of evidence of elevated aim in this fine collection, but perhaps, as things go, we shall do well to be content with such effective transcript of all that lies about us as our water-colour artists devote themselves to giving. It would be superfluous to criticise here, where all are yearly critics. We can but rapidly run over the masters, and attempt to sum up the general characteristics of their styles and subjects. To one of these men only, we conceive that all honest and appreciative criticism owes a

liberal and special tribute. To David Cox, as one of the greatest landscape painters of this or any other country—as a man who, working on altogether different principles from Turner, yet shows, through all his diversity, a kindred love of nature, and a not inferior or less reverent familiarity with her mysteries,—let us confess that we individually owe more gratification, a profounder sense of certain beauties and terrors of earth and sky, a more lasting impression of the solemnities of our mountains, of the summer delight of our meadows, of the wildness of our heather-purpled moors, of the dreary grandeur of our spreading sands, and of the windy majesty of our English oak-woods, than to any man who has ever put colour upon paper.

Born in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, educated under the stern apprenticeship of the anvil, David Cox puts into his work a sort of Cyclopean strength, whose rudest touches convey their meaning, and whose utmost roughness is never wanting in love. Here are 17 drawings of his hand (480-496*a*), from its period of defftest power to its later achievements of failing eye and less certain touch, but of undiminished insight and unimpaired passion for the nature which he worships. Indeed, whatever the lovers of precise forms and dexterous manipulation may say of even his drawings of the present year, to us the dregs of David Cox seem worth more than the first runnings of less gifted men. Those who study these drawings will have no difficulty in distinguishing the earlier from the later productions; but they will see no change of affections or vacillation of aim. David Cox is a landscape painter of the broad and indicative school of Reubens and Titian, not of the minute and elaborate working-out school of Hobbema, and the modern English oil painters of landscape. So subtle is the power of these works, that we despair of conveying our own ideas of it, still more of revealing its secret by any written words. What is it, for instance, that gives their deep and abiding solemnity to those three drawings of "Lancaster Sands" (481, 487, 488)? Is it the mere expanse of wet sea-bed, or the ominous gathering of the grey clouds, or the sense which hangs upon us of the many who have been overtaken and engulfed by the tide in that treacherous passage? The windy joyousness of that "Hay Field" (486), and the sad solemnity of that "Welsh Funeral" (496) in the lowly

churchyard, which nestles under the purple shadow of the Chieftain's Crag, can only be due to the fine sense of keeping which has governed the apparently loose masses of flaky white cirrus in the sky of the one, and the heavy grey, cumulous sky, that hangs like a pall over the other. To know that David Cox for nearly fifty summers has sought and studied among the hills, and woods, and by the river at Bettwys-y-Coed, is to get some insight into his penetrating, intense, and persevering courtship of nature, in one of those spots where she has most lavishly displayed both her loveliness and her majesty. This is the key to all his power. He has earned it by the lowliest suit and service. Nothing has been too high for him to attempt—nothing too humble for him to kneel to. Bettyws is his home-ground, but the love he feeds by the placid reaches and foaming rapids of the Conway, under the shade of those purple cliffs of Craig-y-Dinas, and amidst the feathery beeches that close in the Beaver's Bridge, he carries away with him to spend in whatever scene may court his pencil, be it the broad woods of Windsor (492), the hop-covered Kentish weald (480, 483), or the lordly demesne of Bolsover (493). David Cox still labours with all of him impaired but the heart into which the beauties of this island have sunk so deep, and the brain in which the impression of a happy and laborious lifetime are garnered. When he passes away, England will number among her living worthies one great artist the fewer.

And now what is left us but the barest cataloguing? How shall we class the profusion of treasures that yet remain for acknowledgment? Our best guide must be the order in which they hang. Here (423-431) is a goodly display of the pretty rustic figures, set in the brightest and most facile landscape, of John Absolon, with three drawings of more imaginative pretensions, "Evangeline" (425), the "First Night in a Convent" (426), and the "Joan of Arc in Prison" (428). Bright is represented by one of his effective drawings (432), "On the Coast of Scotland." George Dodgson, one of our sweetest colourists, with a somewhat weak and mannered execution, is shown by five of those combinations of architecture (433-437) and old-world costume with which his name is so pleasantly associated. Here is Burton's dignified and classical portrait of "Helen Faucit" (439),

with two of those impressive treatments of subjects from Franconian life (443, 444), which justify his sojourn in Munich. George Cattermole, king of *chique*—for we have no English word to express that dangerous mastery of his materials, which leaves a painter satisfied with indicating his whole life long, and condemns him to the subordinate position of an unrivalled sketcher, when one cannot but believe he might, if he chose, easily rise to a higher rank—may be studied, admired, and sighed over in no fewer than thirty of those picturesque and chivalresque compositions, in which he has lavished powers of composition and colour which, concentrated into finished works, might have lifted him to the first place among English historical painters. Barons and bandits, pilgrims and retainers, masks and marauders, and doddered oak trees, and rough troopers, graceful dames, and portly magnificoes, have been poured out here with bewildering profusion. But, however attractive such slight and indicative mastery may be in the purely picturesque, we desiderate more completeness in illustrations of imperative master-pieces like “Macbeth” and “Othello,” and still more in solemn sacred subjects, such as “Christ Healing the Sick” or “The Woman taken in Adultery.” First, perhaps, among these examples of facile skill we should class “Sir Biorn surrounded by the Armour of his Ancestors” (472), from La Motte Fouqué’s wild tale of Sintram. There is fine imagination, as well as humour, in the hollow hauberks and empty helms aping the action and expression of drunken guests about the rough-hewn banquet board, in the old Norseman’s castle near the sea.

John Gilbert deserves to share the crown of *chique* with Cattermole, but Gilbert aims at more solidity of impasto and solemnity of colour. His great practice as a draughtsman for the wood engraver has given him that power of chiaroscuro which reigns through all his drawings, and goes far to make up for much incorrectness of drawing, and the too frequent sacrifice of truth to effect. He imitates all masters, too, in subject and style. Here, for instance, the “Violin” (475) is in the manner of Murillo. The “Drug Market” (476) is an effective presentation of one of those most Rembrandtesque of all scenes of real life, an oriental bazaar, with its women in *ferigee* and *yashmak* its recessed shops with their glorious garniture of carpets

papooshes, narghilehs, jars, and gallipots, and in the midst of this most picturesque of all chaoses, the bearded owner, calm and cross-legged, waiting for as much custom as it may please Allah to send him, but in no way discomposed if the day pass without a sale.

C. Bossoli, known by his clever published drawings of Crimean landscape—in the midst of which he lived for many years—has here a large and elaborate drawing of one of the streets at Baktchi-Sarai (479), crowded with Tartars—a spirited and picturesque production, but disagreeable in the tone and execution of the sky. Carl Haag and Louis Haghe are two foreign artists, whom popular favour has adopted, and made English. Haag revels in the purple skies and glowing sunshine of Southern Italy. Wherever picturesqueness is natural to a population, Carl Haag turns it to excellent and effective account in his drawings. Witness the “Sabine Peasant Woman” (499), the “Italian Peasants” (498, 500, 591), and the more ambitious composition of Dalmatians assembled round an improvisatore among the ruins of Salona, on the Adriatic (505*a*). But when the painter has to create his own picturesqueness, as in the larger court compositions of the “Queen and Prince with their family ascending Lochnagar” (504), and the “Evening Scene at Balmoral” (505), he becomes false and offensive by a certain German-cockneyism, than which we know few things more intolerable. Louis Haghe never sins by this kind of sham-picturesque. He chooses his architectural subjects among the grand old town halls and guild chambers of Belgium, in Bruges or Ghent, Antwerp or Courtrai,—places where, through the 14th and 15th centuries, the pulse of national life beat fullest and fastest, and the struggle between baron and burgher, and between the privileged and unprivileged in the ranks of the city-populations themselves, went on longest most stubbornly. In these magnificent old rooms Haghe always places appropriate figures, commemorative of some event in Low Country history, when costume had all the painter wants of outward wealth of colour and gracefulness of cut, to say nothing of bold outspokenness and violence of act. Such are the subjects of the ten best of his drawings here (508-517). Of these the “Oath of Vargas,” and the reception of the Archduchess Margaret by the

members of the Guild, in the Town-hall of Bruges, are the most striking. Louis Haghe is left-handed, indeed one-handed. But no draughtsman has a more rapid or firmer touch. Had he lived in the days of Rubens, he might have been one of the greatest of his scholars. As it is, he is one of the boldest of our water-colour painters, the most powerful in his effects of light and shade, and in his combination of figures and architecture.

And now back from the Campagna, where Carl Haag is painting the sun-browned herdsman, in his sheepskin coat, or the full-bosomed Sabine matron, *sole perusta*, with the broad shadow of her *panno* falling across the square, swart, but Junonian features. Back from the town halls and convent-cloisters of old Flanders, where the burly burghers are discussing the points of their civic charters with Austrian archdukes, or Spanish generallissimos. Back to the homesteads, and streets, and waysides of dear Old England with William Hunt, the truest delineator of the British country boy through all the phases of his joy and sorrow, his shiverings in the winter frost, his warm snooze by the chimney-corner, his terrible onslaught on the meat-pie, his heavy happy sleep after clearance of the enormous dish, in his school sufferings and school sports;—with William Hunt, the most pathetic painter of the devotion of the English village church or Irish village chapel; the truest delineator of the weariness of vagrant life, not dressed up in attractively-cast drapery and glowing studio tatters, but given in its own grey, dusty, draggled garb, only with such beauty of youth as survives even in the midst of the sins and sadness of a wandering life;—with William Hunt, the painter of still life, which competes for minute truth with Gerard Dow or Teniers,—the fruit and flower painter, whose bunches of blossom and wayside flower, whose glowing piles of plums and peaches surpass immeasurably all that has ever been put upon canvas by Ruisch or Van Huysum, by Snyders or Leghers. No fewer than thirty of this admirable painter's works (518-547) are here. Painter we may call him, for his work is rather painting than drawing. It is executed entirely in body colour, in a manner which Hunt has invented for himself, applied entirely with the point, and in touches of pure primitive colour, making up by their various combinations every shade of secondary and tertiary colour,

and all tones of grey that are required in this whole range of representation. Hunt is with reason one of the most popular of our water-colour masters; and he takes the very highest rank amongst the English painters of humble life.

In sharp contrast with Hunt in every particular, both of conception and execution, comes F. W. Topham (1837-1897), the most picturesque master of our water-colour school. In him, for Hunt's body colour, we find washes and rubbings—no stippling, except in the faces, hands, and feet, and scarcely a single touch of colour put on unbroken. In representation here is no exact truth, but rather a constant reproduction of a certain wild Celtic type of beauty in the artist's mind—soft grey eyes with black lashes, angular faces full of sweetness, and masses of hair growing low upon the brow. Raggedness has never been rendered so attractive as in Topham's drawings, nor has any painter made us feel shoes and stockings such pure superfluities. Topham found his earliest and truest inspirations in Ireland. An Irish witch has haunted him, ever since that Galway tour of his, and keeps him spell-bound with her violet eyes and tangled elf-locks, snooded under bright hood or handkerchief, and the tattered orange jacket, and the blue or green duffel petticoat. He is never so much at home as when he gives us a group of such witches of the Claddagh or the Galtees, telling their beads round the old stone cross, or squatting about the potato-kish or black pot of stirabout. He has tried Wales and the Highlands for subjects, and has changed the Celtic grey eye for the Gaelic bright blue, and the black locks of Connemara for the golden ones of Glencoe. Nay, he has travelled to Andalusia and to Brittany, but that Irish witch travels with him, and she is so wildly beautiful—her unkempt hair or shrouding hood shades so rich a cheek, and so arch a smile, and so pleading an eye—and she mingles so cunningly the broken tones of her tattered drapery, and she stands so straight and clean on her bare feet, or kneels so gracefully in her prayer at the holy well, or bends so tenderly over the cradle of her child, that we cannot wish her away.

Mr. Jenkins (1853-1891), has been as true to Picardy and Brittany, as Mr. Topham to southern and western Ireland; but Mr. Jenkins lacks the element of wildness in his picturesque. His

shrimp girls of Portel, and his maidens of Morlaix or Quimper, are always trig and trim, and show little signs of the wear and tear of labour in complexion or in garb. Here is that well-known and graceful allegory, "Going with the Stream," where the boat is floating so pleasantly, with its freight of young love, whose course has not yet been crossed. Mr. Jenkins is always sweet and refined in sentiment; but before his drawings we ever and anon find ourselves wishing for more of the rough truth of life, more of its weather stains, more of those water-worn channels in cheeks that tell of floods of tears, more of the wrinkles and scars of toil and trouble. To us these things but heighten the charm of the youth and beauty, and affection that shines through and transfigures them all. Lacking these, youth and beauty, and affection may have the unreality, flatness, and insipidity of a fair face painted without shadows.

Oakley (675-684) is another wooer of the picturesque in figure subjects. He has consecrated himself to the gipsy and the organ boy, as Topham to the Celtic lass, and Jenkins to the Picarde or Bretonne. Oakley deserves one praise, which nobody, we can say with all assurance, has any right to share with him. He has painted gipsy life with truth, both in physiognomy and accessories. Oakley never hangs the gipsy kettle on a tripod, or sticks joined at the top, but always on the genuine fire-stick of the roumany. Oakley knows how a gipsy tent is pitched, and how its gay carpet is arranged over the divan of straw, and how the blanket-screen which keeps the wind from the fire is set up, and how the tambourine is tossed and the fiddle touched by your true *boshingri* (fiddler), in the *tan* (fair), or *kellapen-keir* (dancing-house). We speak *en connaissance de cause*; for we, too, have been a *roumany rei* (gipsy gentleman) in our young days, and did *not* learn our *roumany rokkerpen* (gipsy speech) from Mr. Borrow. In fact, Mr. Oakley has painted the gipsies and their belongings from the life, and many a *rinkney rakley* (pretty girl), and *tiknee-chavi* (little child), of our acquaintance, among Lees and Bosvilles, Coopers and Shaws, has served as model to Mr. Oakley. Here are fewer of these gipsy subjects, and more Italian street muscians and peasant children. Faithful to facts as Mr. Oakley is in his treatment of his subjects, he has not the true grasp of the vagrant

character that Hunt has, nor the relish for the picturesque that guides every touch of Topham's pencil. There is something heavy in his colour, and wooden in his figures.

In Frederick Tayler the picturesque element has taken a retrograde direction, and has carried away the painter from our own time, into the days when English upper-class life still arrayed itself in bright velvets, and silks, and satins, and wore gold lace on seams, and cuffs, and pocket flaps, and point lace cravats and ruffles, and rode in jack-boots, and carried French horns slung over its shoulder, when it went a-hunting or a-hawking. Never has any painter made prettier *tableaux vivants* out of the hunting field than Frederick Tayler, and there is a relish of bright sunlight and fresh air in his pictures which makes them delightfully exhilarating, an effect which is heightened by the facile handling and free touch of the painter. Besides hunting pieces of the olden time, Tayler has a relish for the picturesque of peasant and wayside life, somewhat akin to Topham, though not set off by an equally fine feeling for colour. His combinations of dogs and dead game, too, are full of spirit and effect. His large compositions of the "Popinjay" (877) and the "Fête Champêtre" (888) rise quite to the rank of pictures, and are, indeed, about the most ornamental works that could be hung on the boudoir wall of some coquettish bachelor in May Fair, who likes to play at sporting. We cannot conceive that any man who really liked rough earnest sport would care much for Frederick Tayler's pleasant masquerading.

Last and first among our figure painters, for artistic resources and energy of patient toil, comes J. F. Lewis, to whom belongs the desert and the divan, as the gipsy tent to Oakfield, Sir Roger de Coverley's hunting ground to Frederick Tayler, the Boulogne sands to Jenkins, and the Galway cabin to Topham. J. F. Lewis, after his travels in Italy, and afterwards in Spain and Constantinople, which resulted in the large albums of Spanish and Eastern figures and architecture, to which we all owe so much of our impressions of those countries, settled in Cairo, and for years was an Egyptian among Egyptians. In this way he acquired his complete familiarity with eastern life and habits, and found time to execute the exquisitely elaborate studies, of which we see the results in his recent eastern drawings. Here we have examples

of the earlier or freer manner of the artist, and of his latest or miniature manner. His "Fox and Drake" (644) "Dead Game and Keepers" (643) show what he was in his commencements. The Easter-day at Rome, with the people awaiting the papal benediction in the square before the Vatican, is a noble work, full of fine studies of Italian costume and character, grouped with perfect command of all the resources of art, both as regards composition and colour. How he treats Italian subjects now, the "Roman Pilgrims at a Shrine" (641) will serve to show. There is a great question involved in this minute labour. Is it worth the artist's while to spend so much earnest thought and toil on one drawing, certainly perishable, and not enshrining any particularly valuable or elevated thought? Might he not be better employed in expressing more ideas, with less elaboration? We confess that we incline to think he might; and we cannot but regret, for example, to see such labour as has been put into the forms of the cast shadows in the drawing of the "Pilgrims at the Altar," or into even the most insignificant accessories of the "Encampment in the Desert" (638). It is disagreeable, too, to find in all these drawings that the heads—the most important parts—are the least satisfactory. We feel provoked to ask why some of the labour put into the drawing of a Turkish lattice, or the pattern of a shawl, or divan cushion, was not devoted to study of some head that fails of completeness so far as to attract notice, not by its expression or drawing, but by its manifest inferiority in mere imitative truth to all that surrounds it.

We must conclude with brief reference to Miss M. Gillies (569-574a), as a painter of serious aims, not always quite attained, but never failing in a certain result of dignified and earnest beauty; and of Miss F. Corbaux as a pains-taking artist, who has committed the great mistake of aiming at an ideal altogether untrue to nature; to Mr. E. T. H. Corbould, as a most dexterous manipulator of his materials, who, with great knowledge of the technical parts of his art, great facility in composition, unusual power of drawing the figure, and untiring industry in the painting of details, yet fails to impress the mind deeply, by reason of an ingrained theatrical exaggeration in his work. The scene from the "Prophète" (696) displays both his defects and his merits. Nothing can be more

laborious or more dextrous; nothing, if we may judge by our own feeling, can take less real hold of the mind.

Two drawings by Werner, the well-known water-colour painter of Rome, of an artist's studio (933, 934), are full of life and character, and executed with great skill. "The Interior of the Arena Chapel at Padua" (935), by the same painter, is a fine example of his skill in the style of work with which his name is most familiarly associated.

Miss Sarah Setchell is a woman of strong grasp of her subject, a fine feeling for the choice of a moment involving dramatic suspense, and quite enough both of skill and of sentiment for beauty to do justice to any theme she may take up. Here is her fine and impressive drawing of the "Momentous Question" (939), in which the village beauty seeks the cell of her wild lover, awaiting his trial for a poaching affray in which life has been lost, for an answer to her question, whether he prefers to purchase life by giving her up to the rival whose evidence can hang, or the suppression of it save him, or to keep her heart and risk the trial, the rival's evidence, and the chances of the scaffold. Few drawings exhibited in our time have produced such an effect on the public as this did. Miss Setchell has never come up to it since. Until she finds another subject equally full of situation, which is not easy, it can hardly be expected that she can out-do this, her first public success.

There still remain for comment the great mass of the living water-colour painters of landscape,—the class which does more than any other to keep alive the love of the beautiful in nature; for not only do they do this by those charming yearly exhibitions of the old and new societies, in which our coasts, and copses, and cornfields, our lakes and mountains, are annually brought into the hot and dusty heart of the London season, but by the lessons they give at other times of the year, and the host of pretty sketchers they send forth, armed with block-books, and elaborate boxes from Winsor and Newton's, or Roberson's, to ramble over the highways and by-ways of our own islands and the continent. Who knows not those delightfully blue distances, and slightly woolly foregrounds, and occasionally wooden figures, and that questionable perspective, which does not prevent these amateur

performances from giving the intensest pleasure in the making, and a real addition to the enjoyment of travel, both in the present and in the retrospect. Most skilful among such teachers are Leitch—who has the honour of numbering Her Majesty among his pupils, and whose two drawings here (414*a*, 414*b*), by no means sufficiently illustrate his rare knowledge of effect and composition, and his mastery of his material—and J. D. Harding, who, besides his services as a teacher, is so well and widely known by his publications on landscape art, and on tree drawing. Harding is a real master of landscape, and not in water colours merely, though his style in oils partakes so much of the lightness and rapidity proper to the use of the simpler medium, that he may be more properly judged as a water-colour painter who occasionally resorts to oil, than as an oil-painter condescending to use water colours. His ten-drawings here (572-581) abundantly illustrate his peculiar facility, his familiarity with all the arts of composition, and his command over some of the finest and most legitimate sources of effect. His “Sunrise on the Bernese Alps” (573), and his “Cirque of Gavarni” (580), may be referred to as showing his command over the sublimer and more savage grandeur of nature, as his “Harvest Landscape at Munden” (578), and his “Chatelguion” (576), illustrate his wide grasp of earth and sky in their more beautiful aspects. And yet, masterly as is the hand, and practised as is the eye of Harding, he seems to us always in danger of falling into that too obviously pictorial arrangement of his subjects, which, in rendering apparent the painter’s artifice, destroys for us most of the impressiveness of his picture.

T. M. Richardson, a water-colour painter of skill scarce inferior to Harding’s, and of whose drawings thirteen adorn this gallery, is the example we should select to show this tendency pushed to a point at which it goes far to destroy the value of much labour and unquestionable command of artistic resources. Richardson rejoices especially in Highland subjects, of which his “Loch Katrine” (798), his “Scotch Lake” (804), his Highland scenery (806, 808, and 810), are commanding specimens, and he seems to combine the sportsman’s and the artist’s enjoyment of the heathery hill-side, and the brown waters that foam over the

granite boulders of the linn into the black pool where the big fish lie sulking and sunning their back fins. Even Italy, to Mr. Richardson's eye, seems to have a smack of the Highlands, or else his Highlands borrow something of the brightness of their sunshine, and the blue of their mountain-girdled tarns, from the heaven of Italy. We never feel the grandeur of the mountain forms, the terror of their mists, the glory of their far-off purple ranges, the loveliness or majesty of the cloud-piles that mock their outline, sink into our hearts while contemplating one of the finished and dextrous drawings of Richardson, as we do before the flashy, blotchy, blurred, and rough-hewn compositions of David Cox. The one is hand-painting—the other mind-painting. Richardson's drawing impresses you with a feeling of the artist's skill—Cox's with a feeling of the nature represented, without suggestion of the artistic medium through which the feeling is conveyed.

William Evans, who has the important post of drawing master at Eton, combines Richardson's love of Highland scenes and subjects, as may be seen from his drawings here (584-588), with a less obvious parade of artistic resources, and a looser and less certain hand, though he no more approximates to the slovenliness of Cox than he does to his power of grasping the heart of a landscape, and giving you that overpowering impression which seems to have guided every dash of the old Birmingham blacksmith's brush. Of course, it is no wonder that Mr. Evans paints well and often the Eton playing fields, that lie fair and green under the shadow of their noble elms by the brimming Thames, and the towers of Windsor that rise so stately above the woods across the river.

George Fripp is one of the honestest and least pretentious of our water-colour painters of landscape. He is peculiarly English in his conception of English subjects, as witness here his "Boroughbridge" (958), his "Durdham Downs" (960), and his "Taplow Mill" (962). He loves Yorkshire, and the sweet glades of Hambleton, with their ruins of grand Cistercian priories, embosomed in trees, or the holms by the bright and fast flowing mill stream, and the reedy banks of Thames, with its osier bolts, and lashers, and eel pots; but he can rise to higher themes and give us the green surf breaking on the Dorsetshire cliffs of Durdle, or the chalky sea wall of Wight, or the sunrise kindling

the granite sides of a "Highland Glen" (964). He has wandered on the High Alps too, and has rendered with the same honesty that makes an English landscape so enjoyable, the ghostly glaciers of Chamounix and the terrors of the Tête-noire. As represented here, he is all English, save in two fine drawings of the Lake of Geneva, with the Pic du Midi in the distance (963), and in his noble composition (966) from the Val d'Aosta, near Chatillon.

Vacher has consecrated himself to the purples of Italian and Sicilian sea and sky. Besides the sweetness and solemnity with which he has reproduced those most magical of all glammers which the sun at his rising and at his setting works on the horizon and the hills of the south, Mr. Vacher has a fine feeling for composition, and a painstaking care and finish in his foregrounds which give his drawings (917-922) a high place in the English Water-colour Gallery.

Mr. Frank Dillon, whose eastern travels have transformed a most promising amateur into a skilful artist, sends four drawings from Nubia, Cairo, and Carnac, in which the grandeur of the desert and the picturesque confusion of the Turkish bazaar are rendered with great fidelity and an honesty that would deserve acknowledgment, even if its attainment of its aim were less complete.

E. Cromek's drawings (927-932 A), principally of church architecture from central Italy, have singular force and fidelity, and are quite worthy to stand by anything of the same kind by Werner, who now holds the highest rank for such work among the artists resident in Italy. Mr. Arthur Glennie sends some meritorious drawings of Roman remains (967-969), in contrast with which we may place the humble English bits of common and roadside nature, by Whimper (947) and Wichelo (941-945). Among painters of English woodland and hedge-row, the highest place is due to Bennett and Charles Davidson, both comparatively young artists. Bennett has three fine woodland drawings here—one, "Glen Tilt" (596), of peculiar force, both in the drawing of the rocks and water of the rushing river, and in that of the foliage which dips its leaves in the stream. Charles Davidson has consecrated himself to the Surrey hedge-rows, meadows, and

cornfields, and never has their rich greenery been grappled with more honestly. Mr. Davidson, without any evidence of imagination, is an intensely truthful renderer of the nature he has set himself to master. His range is evidently narrow, but it is in a class of subject the charms of which we can all feel, from the highest to the humblest. Honour to the artist who has given the best service of his head and his hand to the homely beauty of our hedge-row elms, the golden richness of our harvest fields, the knee-deep green of our meadows, and the yellowing swathes of their new-mown hay. Here are four masterly sketches from nature, by James Holland (825-828); one of trees overhanging a pool (826), of peculiar truth and power.

Collingwood Smith and Rowbotham are both liable to the error of display which we have characterised in T. M. Richardson, but of singular dexterity. The former is by far the superior in power, as is shown here by his "Tell's Chapel" (729), his "Still Pool, Linton," (731), and his "Pass of the Furca" (733). William and John Callow are honest workmen, the latter especially excellent in his studies of coast scenery and shipping. His "East Indiaman Hove Down" (673), is a peculiarly fine example of the painter. William Callow's street architecture has great merit.

Joseph Nash has done for our English manor houses what Louis Haghe has accomplished for the town-halls and guild-chambers of Belgium. Every one knows Nash's delightful volumes of the old English mansions, wherein are rescued from oblivion so many of those magnificent examples of decorative invention which prove the age of the Tudors and the first Stuarts to have been the most fertile in architectural fancy that this island has ever known. Every one knows those low-browed galleries; those wide withdrawing rooms with their rosaced and richly decorated ceilings, their liberal, fantastically carved fireplaces, their panelled and fretted walls, and their recessed oriels, with emblazoned panes, giving such picturesque break of line, and such play of light and shadow; those high-timbered halls, with the huge open hearth, whereon a cart-load of logs might blaze at once; the minstrel's gallery, over the buttery hatch; the heavy oaken tables,—that on the dais for the great man, his family, and guests,—those stretching

along the walls, under helm and hauberk, stag's horn and halbert, and holster, pike, and partizan, for lusty retainers, and all the hangers on of a feudal household; those quaint gardens and bowling greens with their pleached alleys and cut yews, and the groups in doublet and jerkin, ruff and round hat, slashed trunks and rapiers, who give such animation and gaiety to the scene. Joseph Nash has really paid a debt to the past of English country life, which is nowhere so picturesquely and vividly recorded as in this noble series of drawings, of which 15 are here exhibited (625-637A), all characterised by the artist's truth of linear perspective and facile indication of elaborate details of decoration, as well as by his lininess of manner, and that rather dry and chalky texture, due to the profuse employment of body colour.

Records of another still greater illustrative work, are here in the shape of no less than 37 drawings, (734-770), by David Roberts—part of the series brought back by him from Spain and Egypt and the Holy Land, and published in those magnificent volumes so well known to most of our readers. Here David Roberts is seen in his height of skill. We know of few things in art that show greater mastery,—greater power of doing much with little expenditure of labour, or elaboration of particulars—than these fine and solemn works, especially two from the Holy Land—the summit of Mount Sinai (755), and the topmost platform of Mount Hor (757). Here are the scenes most hallowed to our imaginations, where passed the greatest events recorded in the Old and the New Testament—Mount Tabor from the plain of Esdraelon (754), the rock city of Petra (758), Bethlehem (770), and Nazareth (766, 767), Canaan (765), and Calvary (759).

To go from Roberts to Duncan, is to pass from scenes which kindle the imagination by all the combined influence of their own grandeur and strangeness, and of association with the most momentous events of human history, to aspects of nature with which we are all familiar, and associations with the homeliest realities of life. And yet who will say that before these seven quiet drawings (856-862), he does not feel profoundly and pleasingly impressed? Without parade of dexterity, without vivid colour, or startling contrasts of light and shade, by the honest use of natural greys, and the quiet gradations of English atmosphere—

Duncan produces pictures which quietly make their way to the heart, and once there do not easily leave their hold. The "Harvest Moon" (862) is a perfect illustration of this quiet charm of simple nature simply conveyed. The "Sands at Calais" (859), the "Sea-weed Gathering in Douglas Bay" (858), are admirable transcripts of sea-side fact; the low driving grey cloud of sea-fret in the latter especially, and the cold gusty aspect of shore and sky, are especially deserving of notice for their profound truth, expressed without the least pretension.

Naftel is another painter of sea-side scenes, which he leaves occasionally for the greenest of green fields, and the most placid of still waters, matted with floating water-lilies. Mr. Naftel is a conscientious and a courageous artist, who does not shrink from that most formidable of all struggles,—an up and down fight with a tree, in its suit of midsummer green. The worst of such struggles is that we are very few of us aware *how* green the trees and the fields are, while the harmonies of earth and sky are such, that tones which, when truthfully caught by the painter, appear harsh and crude in his drawing, are, in nature, so harmonised and contrasted as to give us only the most exquisite repose and refreshment of the eye.

Our limits compel us to conclude with the merest mention of the Chevalier Hildebrandt's dashing views of Madeira and Alexandria (553-558); of young David Cox's Welsh landscapes (497-497B); of Scarlett Davis's Italian interiors (562, 563); of Mr. H. Cook's careful and effective rendering of the noble ruin of the Olympeion, at Athens (612), and two large drawings of Arran (610, 611), true in mountain form, and fine in aerial effect, though deficient in power in their foregrounds; of Palmer's daring efforts at imaginative landscape (607-609), marked often by an absurd attempt to render the apparent golden rays which seem to diverge from the sun's disc, but which are really in our optical apparatus; of poor Brockedon's Italian landscapes (612A-612 D); of Pritchett's cold but careful Venetian views (698-700); of the water-colour works of many distinguished men already discussed in our remarks on the English oil painters, as Stanfield (834-850), Maclise (705-707), Herbert (701-704), the Landseers (709, 784, 785), and Pyne,—the last a greater master by far, as it

seems to us, in water than in oil colours. His peculiar aim at rendering the effects of full sun-light is more compassable in the former material. Of his seven fine drawings here (710-715A), those of the Lago Maggiore (710, 711), bear the palm for beauty. of Mr. S. Read's fine Interior of St. Paul's Antwerp (797); of William Turner's formal but deeply-felt views of Scottish lakes and midland streams, with their floating lilies (903-908B), which, belonging as they do to the past, still speak of a sweet and profound spirit in the painter; of the desert subject of Henry Warren (938), and W. Lee's smooth-cheeked peasants (910-912), and Wehnert's ambitious historical drawings (924-926), meritorious for the labour put into them, and for an elevation and seriousness of aim, so rare among the masters in this material.

We pass away from the Water-colour Gallery, as every visitor will do, we are very sure, lingeringly, and with regret. But the historical portrait series, and the engravings, and drawings, and miniatures, yet remain to be noticed, and we can give no more space to our workers in water colours, much as we love them.

THE DRAWINGS.

WE do not know of any better introduction to this deeply interesting part of the Manchester Exhibition than the following remarks from Dr. Waagen's work on the Art Treasures of Great Britain:—

“The drawings of the great masters have a peculiar charm. These it is, more than any other works, which introduce the student into the secret laboratory of art, so that he may follow a painting from its first germ, through its various stages and changes, till it attains its perfect form. Von Rumohr, with his usual refined sense of art, directs our attention to the true mechanical instinct with which the old masters always employed in their drawings the material best adapted to the object they had in view. If they were desirous of noting down a first thought just as it arose in the fancy, they usually chose the red Italian chalk, with which sketching is so easy, or the soft Italian black chalk.

“The breadth and softness of the stroke immediately gives to such a first sketch something picturesque and massy; while, at the same time, the material allowed of a high degree of finish, if desirable. But, if they wished to arrest a rapidly-passing effect in nature, to seize an accidental, happy, quickly-changing cast of drapery, or to mark sharply and distinctly the main features of some character, the pen was preferred, which allowed them to unite the easy-flowing line with the sure and distinct indication of forms. If, on the other hand, they aimed to express in a portrait or study the most delicate movement of forms, and a fine play of surface within the outline, they generally took a silver point. On a paper covered with a mixture of white lead and pale yellow ochre, verdigris, or some red such a pencil marks but lightly and softly, and therefore allows of alterations and improvements *ad infinitum*, and by pressing hard,

marks decidedly that design which the artist finally prefers. Or if their chief object was the broad distribution of light and shade, the full camel's hair brush, dipped in sepia or Indian ink, with its elastic point and its bold breadth, led most rapidly and surely to their end. In such drawings the outlines of the forms are often not indicated, but result only from the limits of the shadows: when it was required at the same time to indicate the form, the use of the pen was added. Lastly, for a more detailed marking of light and shade, coloured paper afforded them a middle tint, by the help of which they produced, with black chalk in the shadows, and white in the lights, a very delicate gradation, and a great relief of the parts. On account of its many advantages, this mode of drawing has been very commonly used.

“It is only after having seen a number of such drawings that we can judge how conscientiously a composition has been prepared, and better understand and appreciate the marvellous perfection of the pictures of Raphael and his time, which were the result of a long series of studies by the most highly-gifted minds.

“Now, if no branch of the study of art is more attractive than that of drawings, certainly there is none more difficult. Nothing but the most intimate familiarity with the feelings of the masters, as they are expressed in every line, can serve as a sure guide in the labyrinth. For there is not only an infinite number of studies made by very eminent artists, for instance, by the Carracci, after the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c. with much spirit and great skill, but both in early and later times, skilful individuals have made it their business to derive a profitable income from imitation of the drawings by the great masters. Hence there is no kind of collections so unequally compared as those of drawings, inasmuch as the most admirable original is often seen side by side with an indifferent copy.”

This concluding caution is, on the whole, less required at Manchester than it would be for most collections of drawings of the same bulk as that here shown. The drawings here have been contributed by comparatively few hands; and come from collectors who have gathered with extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and ample means—three requisites which the amateur of old drawings must unite in a rare degree, if he is to escape the impo-

sitions of rascally dealers, and the ridicule of rival connoisseurs. Dr. Wellesley's collection at Oxford is well known for one of the richest in any private hand in this country. He has liberally placed the whole of his treasures at the command of the committee. Sir John Hipposley—another of the rare collectors who unites the three requisites above mentioned—Professor Johnson, of Oxford, Mr. Richard Ford, the well-known Spanish traveller, Mr. Birchall, the learned Society of Christ Church, Oxford, Earl Spencer, Lord Ward, the Duke of Northumberland, and the Liverpool Royal Institution, are also contributors; but we owe to Dr. Wellesley nearly five-sixths of this assemblage of 260 interesting glimpses into the working of celebrated men.

It can hardly be expected that this part of the collection will be visited by the crowd. The appreciation of drawings requires more than usual interest in the processes of artistic thought, and something of that delicate insight into the indications of thought which is independent of finish, and can dispense with fulness of detail. But for minds capable of this, there are few artistic enjoyments more exquisite than that which the inspection of fine old drawings is calculated to give. It is like sitting by an artist's side—to watch the gradual growth of his composition—to note the alterations—to enjoy the sudden burst of some overmastering conception, which sweeps away a whole fabric of laboured invention to replace it with the grand birth of a single inspired moment—to see the very place where Raphael has torn away a head that dissatisfied him, and to find the amended passage of the sketch flung hastily on quite another part of the paper—to mark with wonder the delicate lines traced by that gigantic hand of Michael Angelo, formed apparently only to wield mallet and chisel with that fiery force which is recorded to have sent the marble chips flying in a cloud about the impetuous sculptor—to note the wide range of delicate atmospheric effects which a Claude could command out of a sheet of blue paper and a few touches of black and white chalk, or the magic of light and shadow which Rembrandt could evoke with a fine point and a little bistre.

We have at hand, while we write, a detailed criticism of every one of these 260 drawings, with learned conclusions, as, for exam-

ple:—"No. 24—not by Luini, but a fine drawing of Lorenzo di Credi, very Leonardesque in manner." "No. 27—well observed; a lady with a dish in her hand, seen in profile. Attributed to Fra Bartolommeo, but more like Andrea del Sarto; in fact, it reminds one of the female heads by Andrea in his beheading of the Baptist, in the cloister of the Scalzo, at Florence." But we shrink from inflicting too much of this sort of catalogue upon readers who don't care a penny whether every drawing that Ridolfo Ghirlandajo ever made is attributed to Pietro Perugino, or whether Michael Angelo gets the credit of the worst imitations of him ever palmed off by an Italian charlatan on the greenest of British tourists.

It will be more profitable, we apprehend, to direct attention to some drawings which are unmistakably fine and genuine examples of the masters whose names they bear, and to warn visitors against being misled by big names into believing Raphael capable of certain atrocities which have here been allowed to figure under his name.

For grace and tender beauty, the "Two Angels" (5, 6,) which bear the name of Philippino Lippi, deserve notice. They recall the manner of Perugino, but we know from the history of the picture of the "Deposition from the Cross" in the gallery of the Belle Arti at Florence, begun by Philippino and finished by Perugino, how impossible it may be to distinguish between the work of these two masters.

No. 7 is the drawing for one of Ghirlandajo's lovely frescoes, which every visitor to Florence must remember, looming in their dim beauty through the twilight of the chapel behind the high altar of Santa Maria Novella, but visible only in their perfection by an early morning sun.

12 (Lorenzo di Credi). Two draped figures, almost fine enough to pass for work of Michael Angelo.

14 (Donatello). Design for one of the statues of the Apostles, on the lovely campanile of Giotto, which rises, in its delicate diaper work of parti-coloured marbles, by the church of Santa Maria of the Flowers, at Florence.

16. A genuine study by Michael Angelo, for the St. Bartholomew of the "Last Judgment."

19 is a lovely cartoon of the Virgin and Child, but yet a certain coldness in the execution leads one to doubt whether it be from Leonardo's own hand. It may be Luini's. It has suffered, and shows restoration in the head.

31 is a fine and genuine cartoon of Gaudenzio Ferrari, that little-known Lombard master, who, more than any other of the school, combined the best points of the teaching of Leonardo and Raphael.

32—36. Certainly, in their present state, these cartoons have no right whatever to the name of Raphael. Of some, we may confidently assert that they never knew touch of his hand. Of the best we may say, as certainly, that if ever he touched them, his touches have been effaced by the coarse and clumsy operations of the restorer.

“Non ragionam di loro ; ma guarda e passa.”

40. This is a genuine work of Perugino, of the date 1494. The hardness and angularity of the draperies are deserving of notice, as indicating his earlier manner. The white lights have disappeared, and the effect of the drawing suffers in consequence.

44 is a fine and genuine example of Pinturicchio, the friend and fellow-worker with Raphael, at Sienna. Raphael himself executed the cartoons for some of the series of frescoes, for one of which this drawing was executed.

46. A lovely, and undoubtedly genuine, work from the hand of Raphael ; probably of about 1505, when he was still filled, without being fettered, by the purity of Peruginesque influence.

47. This is another apparently genuine work of the youthful Raphael, and recalls, in its execution, the drawing of himself in the Taylor collection, at Oxford. It is full of sweet virginal feeling.

48. Another genuine and beautiful work of Raphael's.

49. A charming study, by Raphael, for the “Holy Family,” at Vienna. On the reverse is a male figure slightly drawn in with the pen.

51. The reverse of this beautiful drawing of “The Entombment” contains a drawing of three children and three of dead bodies—one carried by a man—perhaps studies made in one of the

hospitals or cemeteries of Rome, with a view to the subject of the picture, for which the design was made.

55. (Raphael.) An admirable and unmistakably genuine drawing, for all its slightness. The style indicates the date of 1507 or 1508; that of the smaller of the two Panshanger Madonnas, now at Manchester, for which 55 is the very study.

57. We may say of this precisely what we said of the other Christ Church drawings 32 and 36.

58. A genuine piece of work of that confirmed classicalist Guilio Romano, who is less offensive in distemper than in oil; but even here his inveterate blackness and coarseness peep out.

61. (Timoteo della Vite.) A genuine work of this early collector and pupil of Raphael.

61A. (Raphael.) This pen and ink sketch for the "Massacre of the Innocents" should be compared with the engraving by Marc Antonio, and the photograph from a red chalk sketch of the same subject, in Her Majesty's collection, which are hung on the end of the screen facing the stairs.

It will be seen that the one sketch includes only the figures forming the outside of the composition, leaving the centre a blank. In the other sketch this blank is filled up. Raphael seems to have been satisfied with the central part of his composition, but to have felt that some alterations were wanted in the figures to the sides and at the back; and by comparing the two sketches, these alterations may be discovered. On looking to Marc Antonio's engraving, a dead child will be seen in the centre of the foreground. On referring to the sketch, it will be seen that Raphael has torn away the paper at the part occupied by this figure, and a sketch of the fore-shortened head, with which he was not content, will be found near the top of the paper. A curious question arises as to these sketches, whether Marc Antonio himself made up, from Raphael's two sketches, the design from which he executed his engraving, or worked from a completed design by Raphael.

The drawings by Titian (62-85), though they include some doubtful examples, are, on the whole, well deserving of close attention. They show the innate vigour of this great artist; his rapidity and careless power of hand.

62 reminds one, in its masterly light and shadow, of Corregio.

66 is a design for a fresco by Titian, which still exists at Padua, not in the scuola of St. Antonio, but in a church near the cathedral.

69 is one of the figures in a little battle piece, by Titian, now in the Uffizi gallery at Florence. The large picture for which this small one is a study, once ornamented the hall of the great council at Venice, where it was burnt.

70. One of the very finest and grandest drawings in the whole gallery.

76 and 80, are interesting examples of the large and yet not careless manner in which Titian executed the tree studies for his unequalled landscape backgrounds.

The Canalettos (87—92, and 94—101), are interesting as showing the careful way in which Canaletto got in the lines for his topographical pictures. He is said to have used the camera lucida. There is evidence of the scene painter's use of the straight edge in his firm and continuous outlines. Not a few of the weaker works of his imitator Guardi have found their way into this set of drawings under his name.

103 and 104 are more like Schidone than Corregio. The drawings of the latter are rare, and even the angels' heads (116) have been doubted by competent judges, though it may be considered heresy to hint as much.

119 has all the attractiveness which blinds so many to the essentially namby-pamby quality of Carlo Dolce.

120. Indubitably not by Giorgione, but by some Bolognese or Florentine imitator of a century later.

121, 122, 123, are genuine works by Guido; the first, however, a weak example.

The Murillos (127-131), with the exception of 128, are fine and of undoubted authenticity. The Christ on the Cross (129) is a peculiarly beautiful drawing in red chalk, from the collection of Richard Ford, Esq.

Equally genuine appear the four drawings (133-136) ascribed to Albert Dürer, and they show the extraordinary capacity of the man for delicate manipulation. It was this quality which gave his engravings, and indeed the productions of the German burin generally, their great popularity in Italy. The mechanical work of the Italian engravers was always as far below that of the

Germans, as the Italian feeling for beauty was above the Teutonic.

133, 134, 135, are all signed drawings by Dürer. The last bears the well-known monogram of the painter, and the date 1517. The first has the monogram only; the second has the signature in full.

By Rubens we have a chalk profile of his first wife (137), and a free and facile design for the soffits of a ceiling (140). What an architect Rubens would have made, in the flamboyant style of his time! How his buildings would have overflowed with exuberant ornament and symbolic detail of design!

143 to 145, 147 to 151 are all good and genuine examples of Vandyck. The last is interesting as a sketch of the painter's mistress, whose portrait may be seen in the Manchester Exhibition.

We could have wished Rembrandt more worthily represented in this collection than by the two insignificant drawings (154, 155), under his name. The same thing may be said of Cuyp and Vandervelde.

Sir P. Lely had a remarkably free and masterly hand with chalk. It was his practice, as it seems to have been Vandyck's before him, and Kneller's after, to begin with a chalk study from his subject. Here are seven of these studies (161—167), for female heads, including two of Charles's mistresses, Nell Gwynne (161), and Mrs. Middleton (162).

A few slight but spirited touches from the hand of Kneller preserve for us the imperious face of the "Grand Monarque," with the date 1684. Kneller was the very man to paint Louis XIV. He had a kindred relish for bombast, and an almost equal sense of his own importance.

The two Janets (169-170) are curious examples of the timid, painstaking manner of the 16th century, seen side by side, as they are, with the free, bravura-like work of Kneller. The portrait of Mary's first husband (170)—the husband of a short, happy honeymoon that deepened soon into bloody cloud and black night—will be examined with interest by most; for who but feels a lingering, lurking sympathy with Mary, even after all we have had revealed of her treachery, her stony heart, and her complicity in bloody deeds?

In no master's works is the collection so rich as in Claude's.

Here are not fewer than 61 drawings from his hand, most of them beyond question as to authenticity, and many bearing strong testimony against the condemnatory judgment passed upon the master by Ruskin, as one who neglected the study of nature. These drawings give evidence of the most careful observation—of that minute kind, too, of which Ruskin would have us believe Claude had no conception. Take, for example (173 and 174), studies of tree tops and way-side vegetation; or (175) the interior of a wood. They show the closest and most careful, and affectionate labour from nature.

Part of this collection may have been originally comprised in those six collections of drawings, which Claude called his "Books of Truth," not because they were faithful studies from nature, but because they testified to the pictures he had executed, their sizes, prices, and possessors. These volumes were intended to guard both the painter and the purchasers from the danger and discredit of having spurious works foisted upon them. One of the volumes, still complete, is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The others, we presume, have been broken up, and the drawings, dispersed. 189 is probably one of these drawings. The picture is in the marquis of Exeter's collection. By a commendable arrangement, the drawings for complete compositions have been hung separate in this collection from the studies for parts of pictures. Altogether we conceive it to be impossible for any one who has imbibed the Ruskinian prejudice against Claude, to examine this series of drawings without an increase of respect for the painter as an observer and labourer from nature.

Some of Gainsborough's unfailingly graceful chalk studies; cartoons by Romney, Fuseli, and Dyce, and a few pen drawings by Hogarth, complete this most interesting collection.

THE ENGRAVINGS.

ALL visitors to Manchester who have opportunity or desire to make a systematic study of the treasures of the Exhibition should devote careful attention to that unequalled series of engravings, which, more than any other department of this collection, deserves to be called "complete." Without a survey of this collection it is impossible to form an adequate notion of the great distinction, in respect of art, between the 15th and 16th centuries, and those that succeeded them.

Now-a-days engraving is a special craft. Those who follow it rarely combine the command of the brush with that of the graving tool. Although the Royal Academy so far recognises the claim of the engraver to the rank of artist as to admit associates of that profession, and although there have been conspicuous modern examples of men who have combined the callings of painter and engraver,—as Hogarth, Martin, Blake, and Barry,—the practice of our time has drawn a very wide distinction between the man who paints pictures, and the man who translates them into black and white by lines engraved on wood or metal. The result of this separation has not been a happy one for the subordinate art.

Whatever mechanical dexterity may have been attained by the entire devotion of the engraver's time to his special handiwork, his productions have lost all the peculiar qualities of truth, spirit, and sentiment which render the engravings of the first hundred years after the discovery of Finiguerra—from 1450 to 1550—still unrivalled in all the highest merits that can belong to a work of art.

The great distinction of these 100 years is that most of the engravings then produced were either the works of painters, or produced in their schools, and under their immediate and close

superintendence, by men who combined the knowledge of painting with mastery of their graving tools.

Until a man has risen to the perception of the peculiar qualities in the early engravings which resulted from this union, he may be assured that his artistic judgment is still incomplete; and yet these qualities are of a kind to which verbal criticism can hardly guide the student. He must ascertain them from study of the works in which they are exhibited, and for this purpose such an opportunity as Manchester now affords has never before been placed within the reach of Englishmen. Mr. Holmes's introduction to the catalogue of the engravings gives a succinct account of the processes of engraving, to which we will content ourselves by referring our readers. They will gather from it how the art of transferring impressions from metal to paper was accidentally suggested, about 1450, in the course of the practice of Tommaso Finiguerra, an engraver of designs in *niello* (*nigrum*, *nigellum*), a black composition used to mark the convolutions of ornamental designs, with which the taste of that time ornamented arms, armour, ornaments of apparel and articles of domestic use.

Of such *nielli*—now almost priceless—the Manchester collection contains some 28 specimens, which begin the series of its examples. The "Adoration of the Magi" (4), with its borders, has been valued, we believe, at 400*l*. For some time after the discovery of Finiguerra, engraving in Florence seems to have made little progress beyond preserving impressions from *nielli*. Baccio Baldini is the next great Florentine engraver. He was a pupil and friend of Botticelli, and an ardent disciple of Savonarola, the great ecclesiastical reformer of the last quarter of the 15th century—the Wiclif of Tuscany. The collection contains a most valuable series of examples of Baldini's works (30-49), including one of the illustrations (30) from Lorenzo della Magna's edition of Dante of 1481, probably from the design of Botticelli, to whom also may be attributed the series illustrative of the triumphs of Petrarch (35-40). Very remarkable, also, are the examples of a peculiar description of playing cards, called "Tarocchi" (41), on which the best designers of the time were employed. To Botticelli's well-known bent towards subjects from heathen mythology we may attribute such subjects—either

from his or Baldini's hand—as the “Theseus and Ariadne” (43) and the “Cupids in a Vineyard” (44). Similar to the Tarocchi cards is the series of prophets and sibyls, of which three are here exhibited (45-47). The “Preaching of San Marco” (34), and the prints from the curious tract entitled “Il Monte Santo di Dio,” published at Florence in 1477, point to that reformatory movement under the fervent oratory of Savonarola, with which Baldini, Fra Bartolommeo, and many other artists of the period so passionately identified themselves. One of the great sources of Savonarola's unpopularity with the money lenders, who formed so influential a section of the mercantile community of Florence, was his encouragement of the “Monte di Pietà,” or public pawn-broking establishments, intended to relieve the poor from the exorbitant interest charged by usurers. One of these establishments may be seen represented symbolically in one of these plates. The “Assumption of the Virgin” (49) is another fine example of the early Florentine devotional school of engraving.

In all these works may be found glaring technical deficiencies: hard outlines, weak and uncertain shadings, and rude printing. It was this lack of mechanical perfection in the early Italian work, probably, which led to such a high value being set upon the much more mechanically perfect productions of the early German school of Dürer, Schön, and Lucas van Leyden, which were extensively sold, and even pirated in Tuscany and Venice.

But no mechanical inferiority should be allowed to blind us to the immeasurable superiority of the rudest Italian engravings over the most finished German, in feeling, grace, and spirituality. In addition to the works of Baldini, the early Florentine school of engraving is here illustrated by one of the favourite subjects (51), of Pollajuolo, “Hercules combating the Giants,” and by six works from the hand of Robetta (148-153), one of that craft of goldsmiths, which produced so many of the most celebrated Florentine painters and engravers. Besides the school of Florence, that of Northern Italy, including Padua, Verona, and Brescia, with its offshoots, at Modena and Bologna, and that of Venice, with its collateral branches at Ferrara and Vicenza, claim especial notice before we pass to the great Roman school, of which Marc Antonio is the great engraver, and Raphael

and Michael Angelo the principal designers. Andrea Mantegna is the leading master of the school of Paduan engravers. He was the pupil of Squarcione, who was the first to base his teaching on the remains of Greek art, of which he made the earliest collection. Mantegna married the sister of Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, and the relationship forms an important link in the chain which so closely connects Paduan with early Venetian art, alike in painting and engraving. None of Mantegna's prints—of which this collection contains some seven examples—are dated; but the authorities on the history of engraving are inclined to place them before 1488, just before the artist's final return from Rome to Mantua, where he died in 1506. Mantegna's designs are marked by singular firmness of outline, great effect of *chiaroscuro*, obtained by close working of the shadows, bold foreshortening, and good drawing. Of those here exhibited the "Descent into Limbo" (52) and "The Entombment" (53) rank among the very finest representations of these subjects in power, variety, and force. Gerolamo Mocetto (1454), though born at Verona, must be classed among the Venetian artists. He was one of the earliest pupils of Gian Bellini, and probably died before 1500. He excels Mantegna in richness of effect, due to the dawning glories of Venetian colour, of which he had caught a ray in the school of Bellini; and to the use of an ink and a paper suited to enhance the quality of his engravings. The design of his magnificent "Judith" (61) is attributed to Mantegna. There is great dignity and grandeur in his compositions of the Madonna and Saints (59 and 65*), in which we may trace distinctly the influence of his master, Gian Bellini. Mocetto is the solitary example of the early Venetian manner. In the works of Giulio Campagnola—a Ferrarese by birth, but a Venetian in style (179-184)—we shall find an altogether different method, more resembling mezzotint, in which a singular richness of *chiaroscuro* and softness of effect are obtained by a kind of stippling peculiar to the master. His landscapes have a peculiar charm, for an example of which we may refer to No. 181 in this collection. Of his inimitable softness, and beauty of *chiaroscuro*, as well as of his grace of design, the "Christ and the Woman of Samaria" (179) is an exquisite illustration. Domenico Campagnola, the

brother of Giulio, was a pupil of Titian's. His best works date about 1517. In him we may trace a manner almost identical with that of his brother, with even more animation and spirit in action, and a *chiaroscuro*, if possible, more consummate in its harmony. His "Shepherd and Old Warrior" (187) in an earlier manner, is properly described by Mr. Palgrave as "worthy of Giorgione, not only in design, but in felicitous execution."

Brescia furnishes two masters in Gian Antonio (170-172) and Gian Maria his brother. The former is, probably, identical with the Zoan Andrea, classed among the Venetian engravers by Bartsch (173 and 174). Gian Antonio has something of the academic character which attained its full expression at a later date. He ranks rather as an engraver from the designs of others than as a designer as well as engraver of his own subjects. The master of the Caducée—so called from the caduceus introduced as his mark—has been identified by Brulliot with a certain Jacopo Antonio de Barbary, the painter of a picture with the date 1504, seen by Brulliot at Augsburg. Here are five of his engravings (175-178*), illustrating his characteristic qualities of grace, spirit, and brilliancy, with something of a German character in the drawing. The "Judith" (175), and "St. Catherine" (176), are selected by Mr. Palgrave for commendation for "a grace peculiarly Grecian; a statuesque treatment of drapery, modelled to repeat the figure; a curve and glow of line to which everything, as in Corregio, is subordinate; delicate and truthful study of foliage, a merit in engravers among the very rarest; and, lastly, power over expression—limited, indeed, in range, but within the artist's limits—as it seems to me, of peculiar refinement and graciousness."

The school of Modena is represented by Nicoletto de Rossi (164-169*), whose works date between 1500 and 1512, and who is characterised rather by skill in borrowing than by original power either in design or workmanship. The influence both of Mantegna and Campagnola is apparent in his works, as well as that of Albert Dürer and Martin Schön. The "St. Sebastian" (165), "St. George" (167), and "The Punishment of the Evil Tongue" (166), are the works of his selected by Mr. Palgrave as best displaying his own manner.

Benedetto Montagna, of Vicenza (about 1504), like Nicoletto, availed himself both of German and Venetian models. His small prints are the most original and best of his compositions.

Lastly, the school of Bologna furnishes us with the illustrious names of Francesco Francia, and his son Giacomo. Of the latter, few works are known, and most of those ascribed to him are included in this collection. But it is not easy to distinguish the productions of father and son. Four of the five works of Francesco Francia here (192-196) are marked by all the sweetness and purity of that painter's design, as we know it from his pictures, especially the "Holy Family" (194) and "Female Saint and Four Saints" (192).

Before passing to the great master of academic engraving, Marc Antonio Raimondi, the friend and pupil of Raphael, we must turn from Italy to Germany, for the engravers of that country had almost as much influence on Marc Antonio as Raphael himself; and he even devoted himself, occasionally, to elaborate re-productions of their works. In these German works, from the hands of the two Israels von Mecken,—of Mechlin and Bocholt, father and son,—Martin Schön or Schöngauer, of Colmar, and Albert Dürer, of Nuremberg, we shall find certain general characteristics which mark them out with great distinctness from the contemporary Italian engravings. All combine extraordinary perfection of execution with the national German relish for contorted and angular drapery, caricature in secondary heads, great fulness and profusion of accessories, and a disposition to carry certain features and facts of low life into the most solemn and dignified incidents. For exquisiteness of workmanship, and brilliancy of effect, no line engravings ever executed can compare with the best examples of Albert Dürer, Martin Schöngauer, and Lucas von Leyden. All these early German masters are most abundantly exemplified in this gallery—Martin Schöngauer by twenty very fine examples, the Von Meckens by seventeen, Albert Dürer by twenty-seven, including a splendid example of the "Knight of Death" (127), and the "Melancholy" (124), and Lucas von Leyden by eleven examples, including that almost rarest of all prints, the "Eulenspiegel (280)." It was once thought that only one copy of this existed in the royal collection of France. It is now believed that five or

six survive. It is very inferior to many others of the engraver's works, but its rarity gives it a value far beyond any of the others.

Martin Schöngauer dates between 1445 and 1499. He was at once painter, engraver, and goldsmith. He was the contemporary of Albert Dürer, who revered his skill so deeply that he made a journey to Colmar to see him in 1492—the friend and correspondent of Pietro Perugino, and an object of admiration to Michael Angelo, who drew and coloured a copy of his engraving of “St. Anthony tormented by Demons” (78). There is often in the works of Schön, besides unrivalled skill with the graver, a peculiar grace and beauty rarely to be found in German designs. Examples of this will be found in “The Six Wise and Foolish Virgins” (88), and in many of his Holy Families. Several of the plates in this collection are from his two famous series of twelve—the one representing the “Life of the Virgin,” the other the “Passion of our Saviour.” The amount of labour in these crowded compositions is incredible. The Meckens (94-109) were two, a father and son; the elder a contemporary of Martin Schön. Like him, they were goldsmiths as well as engravers, and their work will be found characterised by many of the same mechanical qualities as that of Schön, though inferior in delicacy and beauty.

Albert Dürer was the most distinguished and influential German artist of the 15th and 16th centuries, alike distinguished for his oil pictures, his drawings in water colour, his designs for engraving on wood, his designs and engravings on copper, and his carvings in soft wood. Of the vast variety of his subjects, his fertility in composition, his imaginativeness, and his marvellous skill of hand, the fine series of examples of him here exhibited affords abundant evidence (110-136). He was born in 1471, and died in 1528; and he has left, besides his works, interesting contributions to our knowledge of the artistic life of the beginning of the 16th century, in the journals of his tours to Venice and in the Low Countries, and his letters to his friend Pirckheimer. Raphaël appreciated his merits, and exchanged friendly letters and drawings with him. His engravings were so popular in Venice and Northern Italy that they were repeatedly pirated. Marc Antonio did not disdain to reproduce his series of the “Life of the Madonna,” with such closeness, even to the imitation of the signature, that a lawsuit

was the consequence, and a prohibition from repeating the piracy. Altogether Dürer may be said, for a time, to have influenced the art of Northern Italy little less than that of Germany, and, but for the gradual predominance acquired by the new manner of Marc Antonio, after his intimacy with Raphael, it is probable that this Teutonic influence would have operated still more widely in Italy.

Lucas van Leyden was a rare example of precocity in art. Born in 1494, he had already engraved plates from his own designs at nine, and by twelve, painted his first picture of St. Hubert. At fourteen he produced his print of "Mahomet drunk after the murder of the monk Sergius." He was the contemporary and intimate friend of Albert Dürer, and rivalled him in his mastery over all branches of art. His engravings shared the popularity of Dürer's in Germany and Italy, and are marked by equal perfection of technical skill, though they are inferior in imaginative power, and in massiveness of *chiaroscuro*. We have elsewhere narrated the story of Lucas's death, brought about by the excess to which he gave way, in an excursion on board a "trekschuyt," which he had fitted up as a floating house, with John of Mabuse and other joyous companions. His pictures are rare, but of his engravings accounts of not less than 110 are preserved. They comprise subjects from the Old and New Testament, compositions of holy families, saints, &c., moral and mythological subjects, themes from common life, and portraits. The selection here (273-282 *) includes examples in all these classes.

The art of engraving, in the hands of Marc Antonio, may be said to run almost a parallel course to the art of painting in the hands of Raphael. In him it culminated, and in him it began a downward progress, which was never afterwards arrested.

Marc Antonio was born about 1480, and about 1500 was apprenticed to Francesco Francia, not as a painter, but as a goldsmith. He wrought under Francia and his son, Giacomo, and owed to this his early designation, "Marc Antonio de' Franci." Traces of the influence of Francia may be found in his earlier works; as an example of which, in this collection, we may refer to the fine plate of "St. Catherine and St. Lucia" (232), from the collection of Mr. Hawkins. The spirituality and grace of the figures and gentle cheerfulness of the landscape backgrounds in

the specimens of this, the engraver's earliest manner, are derived from the sweet and elevated school of Francia. But the power of drawing and the mastery over the graver are still imperfect. From Bologna, Marc Antonio passed to Venice, where he devoted himself especially to the imitation of Albert Dürer, of which some of the direct fruits may be seen here in the copies from that great German master (271, 272, 272*a*), while the indirect effects are traceable in increased mechanical dexterity and greater perfection of finish. From Venice he proceeded to Florence, and here he is thought to have made acquaintance with the works of Lucas van Leyden, as well as with that great performance of Michael Angelo, the Cartoon of Pisa, then in the Palazzo Vecchio, from which we have here a study, "The Bathers" (260). From Florence, about 1510 or 1512, he passed to Rome, and there engraved for Raphael—as a proof of competent skill in his art—the "Lucretia," of which a particularly fine example is included in this collection (234). From this time dates the great productive period of Marc Antonio's life. He lived in Raphael's house, and till the master's death, in 1520, worked under his eye, sometimes from Raphael's designs, and as often, probably, from designs of his own, first submitted to Raphael. The "Lucretia" was followed by the "Judgment of Paris," and the "Massacre of the Innocents," which excited, as Vasari tells us, "the admiration of all Rome," and of which three fine examples, in various states (207-209), with Raphael's original drawing, adorn this inestimable collection. We have already referred to this composition in an article on the drawings. Baviera, Raphael's colour grinder, assisted in the working off of the plates, and to his co-operation Mr. Palgrave attributes the brilliancy and admirable taste with which the plates were printed * on their firm and pure paper, and with a clear and mellow ink. Mr. Palgrave divides the works of Marc Antonio, executed at Rome, into three classes. It is worth while to refer to examples of these in this collection, as this will enable all who may be anxious to give close study to the engravings to discover and compare the characteristics of the different manners.

* See that gentleman's admirable monograph on the first century of Italian engraving, appended to the "Hand-book of the Italian Schools of Painting," 2 vols. Murray, 1855.

We have already referred to examples of the first, and to our taste the most attractive, of the three. Others in this earlier manner are the "Adam and Eve" (202); the Virgin—called from the two states of the print "the Virgin with the naked arm" (215), and "the Virgin with the draped arm" (216), the first being the earliest and rarest; and the "Triumph of Titus" (237), Marc Antonio's only known engraving from the Siennese painter Razzi.

To a later, but transitional, period belong the "Galatea" (251), the "Three Doctors" (255), and the "Judgment of Paris" (249), which Vasar tells us, was, when first produced, the amazement of all Rome, and which is unequalled, Mr. Palgrave maintains, by any other work of the engraver, for variety of figure, perfection of line, expression, and force of *chiaroscuro*. The impression here, from the fine collection of Mr. Johnson, is a peculiarly perfect one, and not inferior to either of the other two, generally referred to as the finest,—that in the British Museum, and that in the Imperial Library at Paris. In the works of Marc Antonio executed up to this time, we may trace a perpetually increasing skill, with little, if any, sacrifice of expression and character to mere display of handling or parade of academic dexterity. In the works of the next, or second, period—properly so called—we find the higher qualities still present, with an evident encroachment, however, of that tendency to the parade of nude form, which led the Roman school more and more towards mythology and away from Christian themes and spirituality of expression. The "Noah" (203), the "Massacre of the Innocents" (207), the various Virgins (218, 219, 220, 224, 225), the "St. Cecilia" (230), the "Dance of Cupids" (238), the "Two Fauns" (239), the "Venus and Cupid" (246), the "Philosophy" and "Poetry" (252, 253),—two exquisite impressions of exquisite designs,—"the Pest" (256, 257), the "Amadeus" (267), and the "Portrait of Arétin" (263), said to be from the design of Titian,—all belong to this consummate period of the engraver's power. In none does he appear more masterly in his command of handling and effect than in the vision of the glorified Saviour, known by the name of the "Five Saints" (228), of which here are impressions from the unfinished and the finished plate. The last and least satisfactory period of Marc Antonio's working life falls after the death of Raphael. In

the plates of this period there is a visible decline in the power or will to render feeling and expression, with a constant rise, however, in mere skill and mastery of the graver, and a fuller and fuller command of all the material resources of *chiaroscuro*. Fine examples of this final manner are "Alexander and the body of Homer" (236), the "Cassolette" (262), and, especially, the "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," here shown in its two states, one exhibiting the figure of one of the executioners with two forks in his hand (226), which the engraver subsequently altered by striking out one fork and lengthening the handle of the other (227). The design of this martyrdom is Baccio Bandinelli's. It has little merit as a composition, and has been, perhaps, rather harshly described by Mr. Palgrave as "placing before our sight a subject of all that can be set before human eyes the most revolting—the fiendish cruelty of man, and a death which the artist has been unable to dignify with the glorified expression of triumphant faith or the solemnity of martyrdom." Marc Antonio incurred the censure of Pope Clement VIII. by engraving some indecent designs of Giulio Romano, illustrative of the foul sonnets of Pier Aretin; and the sack of Rome by the Spaniards in 1527 drove him into poverty and exile. He retired to Bologna, and from this moment we know nothing of his life or works. Marc Antonio was the instructor of a large body of pupils, of whom the best known are Agostino de' Musi, commonly called Agostino Veneziano, and Marco Dente, more frequently designated as Marco da Ravenna. Of the former here are eight examples (287-294), including the group from the school of Athens, the "Ananias" and the "Elymas;" of the latter seven examples (295-309), chiefly of those classical subjects which, in the later years of Raphael's life, already furnished so much employment to the master's pencil, and which utterly ousted themes from Christian history in the practice of Giulio Romano and his school. Vico (1520-1570), the elder Ghisi, and Bonasoni (1498-1580), were all celebrated pupils of Marc Antonio, abundantly illustrated in this series. Bonasoni devoted his graver especially to the designs of Michael Angelo and Parmegiano. Giovanni Ghisi, of Mantua, was at once painter, sculptor, architect, and engraver. Here are twelve of his engravings, principally mythological. He instructed a family of two

sons and a daughter in his art, and the mannerism already apparent in the father is visible more and more clearly in the work of the children. Besides these named engravers, here are works of several of the same period, known only by the symbols with which they marked their plates, as the "Master of the Dye," the "Master of the Crawfish," the "Master of the Unicorn," and so forth. By their aid we may follow the art of Italian engraving down to the times of the Carracci, who were all engravers as well as painters, especially Agostino, who is unrivalled among the engravers of the second or eclectic period for boldness, freedom, and command of the resources of the graver. Here are ten of his works, including the "St. Jerome" in its unfinished state, so rare and valuable. It was afterwards finished by his pupil Villamena. Of Ludovico, whose engravings are rare, and all from his own designs, we have here a "Holy Family" (437), first etched and then worked up by the graver, in his peculiarly free and masterly style. Included in the five examples of Annibale is the very rare "Susannah and the Elders" (452) from the noble collection of St. John Dent, Esq. The method of Annibale closely resembled that of Ludovico. All the works of the Carracci deserve careful examination, as the latest and finest examples of engravings by painters—of translations, by the authors of the work translated, into a language of less copiousness and resource, it is true, than that of the original, but of which the translator is as complete a master. If the paintings of the Carracci had been as true a product of the spirit of the men and their times, as that of Francia and the youthful Raphael, there would be no reason why their engravings should not be as interesting. It is no wonder, however, that we feel the same lack of real sympathy before both.

Turning from Italy to Germany, we may here study the school of Albert Dürer, who had an influence not less marked to the north of the Alps, than Marc Antonio exercised in Italy. Among Dürer's pupils, whose works are here profusely exemplified, may be mentioned H. Beham (374, 380), Aldegrever (382, 387), and Pencz (389, 393), all belonging to the class generally described as "*petits maîtres*," and distinguished by much of the same delicacy and perfection of technical skill which marked the work of their great instructor.

Contemporary with the school of Nuremburg, flourished the school of Dutch engraving, which originated with Lucas van Leyden. Coornhort, of Amsterdam (born in 1522), has left few works behind him, and those of no merit, but he was the master of Crispin van der Pass and Goltzius. The former came to England during the reign of Elizabeth, and worked here, as well as his sons Crispin, William, and Junius. Here are portraits of English worthies by all four (399-413), neat and clear, though stiff, and altogether deficient in the ideality of the earlier Italian work, as well as in the microscopic delicacy of the earlier Dutch and German productions. Goltzius was one of those who most tended to spread a false and exaggerated style, caught from Michael Angelo,—the straining of frogs in the vain effort to reach the bulk and stature of the bull. There has never been a more complete master of the graver than Goltzius (462-467), and he imitated, with equal success, the manner of the most dissimilar masters. His series of six plates, here called the master-pieces of Goltzius (462), shows how completely he could ape Albert Dürer and Lucas van Leyden, as well as Raffaele, Parmigiano, Bassano, and Baroccio. Here, too, is the "Boy and Dog" (4671), usually ranked as the engraver's master-piece, and the very scarce oval head of Henry IV. of France (4661). Goltzius left behind him not less than 500 plates; and may be cited as an instance of great but ill-directed powers, running into every form of vicious excess. Jerome Wierix (1552) is another meritorious Dutch engraver of this time, here exemplified by fourteen impressions (416-429). The schools of Rubens and Vandyck produced a host of engravers, who reproduced (on the whole, with great fidelity) the works of these great masters. Pre-eminent among these is Bolswaert, the engraver of the landscapes of Rubens, of which there are here very fine examples (484, 485, 486), as well as a magnificent impression (487), of the famous "Lion Hunt," after the same great master, which may be compared with an engraving of the same subject by Soutmann (494). Vischer (1610-1670), a pupil of Soutmann, deserves notice as having engraved as well from his own designs as from the pictures of the Italian and Flemish masters. His works from his own designs, as might be expected, are infinitely the best; and they have furnished all the examples of

him here shown (500-509). In clearness and delicacy, and the perfect fusion of the work of the etching tool and the graver, he has never been surpassed. Impressions such as these here exhibited are of very great value. The "Winius" (500) has been sold for 1660 francs; and the "De Bomna" (501, 509), is hardly less valuable. Of one of his designs, called "The Small Cat," only one impression is known. The "Mousetrap" (508), the "Gipsy Family" (506), and the "Pancake Woman" (503), are all rare, and much sought after in their finest states. The portrait painters about this time furnished the engravers with the great bulk of their subjects; Müller, Vosterman (479-481), Droeshout, (517), Elstracke (518-521), Hole, Delaram, Cecil, Vaughan, and Faithorne (534-544—the last five Englishmen—are principally known as engravers from the designs of Mytens, Jansen, Vansomer, Vandyck, and Lely. Blooteling, of Amsterdam (1639), White (1645-1704), Vertue, and Houbraken (1654-1756), followed in the same track, and have perpetuated the English worthies down to the close of the 17th century. Contemporary with these men flourished a numerous school of French portrait engravers—Fornazieries, Firens, De Son, Gautier, Lombard, Nanteuil, Larmessin, Boulanger, and Drevet—all of whom are here exemplified. Audran, Rouillet, De Poilly, and Dorigny reproduced the works of the Italian masters, and Callot (472-474) stands alone in the region of the fantastic—as in his temptation of St. Anthony (472)—a very madman's nightmare, and in his subjects from camp and vagrant life. Wille (1717-1809) is the greatest engraver after the Dutch masters of the 17th century, who, however, wisely chose to perpetuate their works by means of etchings from their own hands. Strange, Woollett, and Sharpe, in England; Raphael, Morghen, Longhi, and Andersoni, in Italy; Von Müller in Germany; and Bervic, Desnoyer, and Richomme, in France—bring the art down to the threshold of our own times. In their hands we may see the utmost of which the engraver is capable, when dissociated from the painter. Our own Hogarth stands unrivalled for the combination of the two arts in modern times.

It is unnecessary to trace the succession further. The names and works of our contemporary engravers are familiar to us from the shop-windows.

We must now turn to the collection of etchings, which is not a whit less complete in its links, nor less fine in the quality of its examples, than that of engravings, properly so called, while it has an interest only paralleled by that of the Italian engravings of the 15th and 16th centuries, as exhibiting the painter's work translated by his own hand into black and white.

The series begins with Albert Dürer. Of his five etchings here (941-945)—all rare and fine,—the rarest is "The Holy Family." An impression in the British Museum cost 100 guineas. This one, from the Holford collection, is considered equally fine. The "Female contemplating," of Parmigiano, is a remarkably characteristic example of the affected grace of the master. Of the Claudes (950-975)—of which here are not fewer than twenty-five admirable impressions—all but one are from the unrivalled collection of Dr. Wellesley.

There are no etchings better calculated to show the inimitable spirit which the painter can communicate to the etching needle than those of Vandyck, of which the "Ecce Homo" (979), the "Philip le Roy" (981), and the head of Snyders (984), are examples that cannot be surpassed. We may compare the two latter with the pictures here exhibited. We should startle our readers by a statement of the prices commanded by some works of this class; and, above all, of the marvellous difference in value created by the presence or absence of some almost imperceptible indication of the exact state of a particular plate. Take, for instance, the portrait of Rembrandt, with a sword, called from this accompaniment, "The Sabre Print." Here are impressions of the plate in three of its states (1000*)—the first with the whole figure, the second and third with the figure cut away and only the head left. Of the first state, only four impressions are known; and for the one here exhibited Mr. Holford is said to have paid 400 guineas. The "Christ Healing the Sick" (1007)—called "The Hundred Guilder Print," as having once fetched that price, about 10*l.*, then considered enormous—now commands as many guineas as it did guilders a hundred years ago. Even in the present century the value of these works has risen enormously. The father of Mr. Colnaghi was empowered by Sir Abraham Hume to go to an unlimited price for an impression

of the "Burgomaster Six" (1045), about to be sold by the late Mr. Christie. That gentleman had a similar commission from a rival collector. The two bid against each other till the bids had run up to the then unprecedented sum of 80 guineas, when Mr. Christie, in alarm, stopped the bidding, and, explaining the circumstance to his equally astonished auditory, declared it would be madness to go on, and offered, if Mr. Colnaghi would rise at once to 100 guineas, to surrender him the etching and quit the field. Mr. Colnaghi at once bid the required sum, and bore off the prize, amid the cheers of the excited room. Such a price would be an everyday matter in a London sale-room now-a-days, when a good collection is passing under the hammer. Only three impressions of the first state of this plate are known to exist; one of them is still in the collection of M. Six, the representative of the burgomaster's family, at Amsterdam. Here are not fewer than sixty of these precious etchings, including some of the very rarest, as the "Ephraim Bonus with the black ring" (1039)—the blackness being caused by the burr or little burrow turned up by the etching point, the presence of which shows that the impression is an early one—and the same head with the white ring (1040), taken after the burr has been worn off in working the plate. On the question of "black or white ring" in an impression, turns the difference between a value of 150*l.* and one of 40*l.* or 50*l.* for this etching. Here are impressions of the "Gold Weigher" (1041), in all four states; the first with the face still a blank, the second with the face touched in on the impression by Rembrandt's own hand, to try the effect before etching in the head; the third with the head etched in, and perfect; the fourth in a still later state, when the plate has been more worked upon and spoiled. It may, indeed, constantly be said that the last state of these plates is worse than the first. Here is "the shell" standing out fresh and bright from its white back ground (1018), and the same with its brilliancy diminished by the addition of darks behind it. Here are the masterly little landscape etching, known as the "Three Trees" (1024), and the "Wood Landscape" (1026), into which Rembrandt is said often to have washed a little effect of colour, and then disposed of the washed etching as a drawing. Here is an unfinished proof of Rembrandt's own mill, at Koukerk, in which he was born

and first studied the magic glamour of light and shade in its upper chamber, lighted only by one ray falling from the lofty window-hole. The "Gold Weigher's Field," (1034) on thick India paper, is an exceedingly rare etching, in still rarer state of perfection.

Of Hollar (1667-1679), that master of mechanical skill with the etching point, here are 24 impressions, including the almost unique James, Duke of York (1060), the Earl of Surrey (1064), in the rare state, before the finishing of the drapery, and the Princess Mary of Orange (1074), absolutely unique in this state of the plate. We mention these examples less for any peculiar merit an untrained eye will see in such rare impressions over the other works of the master—indeed the value depends on rarity, and not on merit, though the one sometimes implies the other—than to show the extraordinary richness of this collection in what collectors call "*pièces marquantes*." Messrs. Colnaghi and Scott command such confidence among connoisseurs and collectors that the most precious gems of the most jealously-guarded portfolios have been fearlessly entrusted to them, and they have made their selection with consummate judgment. In works of Ostades—whose etchings command prices not inferior to Rembrandt's, and who is Rembrandt's rival in mastery of the etching needle—the collection is equally rich, including 29 examples of his most valued plates. The choicest productions of Waterloo, Swanevelt, De Heusch, Berghem, C. du Jardin, Ruysdael, Both, Roos, Béga, Stoop, and Paul Potter, —the last the most highly valued—here hang side by side. These men have doubly perpetuated the common life of Holland, once in their pictures, and again in their etchings; and these last furnish incomparably the best examples of translation from colour into black and white.

The history of mezzotint and wood engraving is as fully illustrated by examples as that of steel engraving and etching. The dashing productions of Prince Rupert (1192-1196), in the former mode of engraving,—we do not explain it, assuming our readers to have got that knowledge up from the introductory notice in the catalogue,—will be examined with interest. He is often called the inventor of mezzotint, but it was practised in Holland by Louis von Siegen, before his time. Von Siegen was a soldier, and the popular story is that he got the idea of

mezzotint from seeing an impression of the arabesques on an old gun barrel, which a soldier was cleaning, taken off on the paper he had used for the purpose. This is the parallel in the history of mezzotint to the story of Maso de Finiguerra in that of line-engraving. Here (1184) is the plate of Amelia, landgravine of Hesse, considered to be the first production in the newly-discovered method. Impressions in the first state bear date 1642, in the second 1643; when Prince Rupert was still harrying the fair fields of England with fire and sword. The prince's "Standard Bearer" (1192) is just such dashing piece of work as one would expect from that beau ideal of gentlemanly swash-bucklers. Mezzotint attained perfection in England, where it was in its prime during the reign of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose works have been best rendered in this style by Watson (1213, 1214), Dixon (1220-1225), M'Ardell (1228-1230), John Deane (1234), John Raphael Smith (1242-1246), Green, Fisher, Jones, Ward, &c. Turner and Constable liked this mode of engraving, and Lupton was a favourite engraver with both (1311, 1312). Here is a precious collection of proofs from the great master's "Liber Studiorum," touched in by himself, with the etchings and successive impressions,—in itself a subject for long and profound study by the artist, and to go into which in detail would occupy more space than we can allot to all the engravings together. Our contemporary, Samuel Cousens, has invented a combination of etching, mezzotint, stipple, and line, which unites the felicities and peculiar secrets of effect belonging to each mode. Thomas Landseer is another engraver who seems to have come into the world with just the gifts necessary to re-produce the works of his illustrious brother Edwin.

The fourth part of this great collection includes a complete history of wood engraving by examples, from the rude block books of the early part of the 15th century to the magnificent early Italian woodcuts of Gian Andrea (1358, 1359); the wonderfully elaborate designs of Albert Dürer (1374-1381), including the triumphal arch, of which only two complete sheets are known to have been set up before, one at Berlin, the other at Bowood—and the daring works of the Venetians who wrought on wood after the designs of Titian and Tintoret (1385-1395). It is

probable that these great masters themselves designed on the wood these unrivalled specimens of manly and large rendering of effect and colour. Their style is like sketching with a tool instead of a pencil; and we know no better corrective of the tendency to namby-pambyism and prettiness which our present style of wood-engraving is too likely to encourage than study of the early woodcuts of Vecellio and Andreani (1385-1412). Of especial interest are the glimpses some of these works give us into the daily life of magnificent Venice—her solemn processions, her joyous festivals, her magnificoes in their scarlet robes, her gilded galleys with their hundred oars, her population of veiled damsels, sturdy gondoliers, frocked priests, and stately merchant princes. The collection of Mr. William Russell is especially rich in this class of works. Equally full of effect, though differently obtained, are the fine woodcuts in colour, by Ugo da Carpi, and those who imitated his manner. His works resemble drawings rather than wood engravings, and render the effect of their originals, perhaps, better than any more laboured version. Very curious are the old Venetian and Nuremberg portraits on wood (1418-1422). The four sheets of the Wise Men's Offering, by Rodü, from Dr. Wellesley's collection, are especially deserving of attention. J. B. Jackson was a not very successful English imitator of Ugo da Carpi. His works (1432-1435) lack the spirit and power of the Roman. Bewick is a genuine glory of our school, and merits on every ground the title of the father of English wood engraving, which till his time scarcely rose above the level of chap-book and penny-ballad illustration. Here (1437-1440) is an unrivalled collection of his works, numbering 167, many very scarce, and in the finest condition. He brings us to our contemporary wood engravers, Thompson, the Williamses, Llandells, Linton, Jackson, and Dalziel—the worthy continuators of British reputation in this branch of the arts. We miss here examples of the fine wood engravings which Riethel of Dresden has lately produced, especially the "Dance of Death" and the "Death the Friend," and "Death the Destroyer," works in which all that we can desire of expression and delicacy of drawing is combined with a largeness of manner and breadth of effect, recalling the early woodcuts of

Venice. What we have to desiderate for our modern English school of wood engraving is an infusion of this very largeness, and we feel satisfied that the public taste is ripe for something manlier than now proceeds from the hands of our wood engravers.

We must now give up the task we have so inadequately performed, with an exhortation to all who have leisure really to study the Manchester collection, not to fail to give due attention to what is certainly not its least valuable department—the gallery of engravings.

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